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The New REPUBLIC

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India: A Nation on Strike

An Eye Witness Report of the Passive Revolt

by N. B. PARULEKAR

Will Europe "Unite to Prosper"?

Dwight Morrow and Prohibition

When Admirals Disagree

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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With profound regret we announce the death of Herbert Croly, editor of The New Republic, in Santa Barbara, California, on May 17, at the age of sixty-one. He had been an invalid since suffering a stroke of paralysis in October, 1928.

An appreciation of Mr. Croly's life and work will appear in a future issue.

The Week

MUSSOLINI'S speech at Florence last week was his standard product. He announced that he will build ship for ship, ton for ton, with France, and that he is ready to fight any or everybody foolish enough to attack a big country like Italy with nearly 43,000,000 inhabitants. He demanded in a rhetorical question whether the crowd saw any decrease in his pugnacity during the past eight years, and was obviously pleased, according to the newspaper reporters, when the shout came back, "No!" Words, he observed, are a very fine thing—he ought to know—but "muskets, machine guns, ships, airplanes and guns are even better; right, if unaccompanied by might, is a vain word." All this, we concede, is dangerous, incendiary nonsense; but odd as it may seem, it is less incendiary coming from Mussolini than from almost anybody else. If a German, British, French or Russian leader used such language, the world would be thrown into a turmoil; but Mussolini has cried "Wolf" so often in the past that his speech causes hardly a ripple. On previous occasions he has in fact gone even farther; he has predicted the date of the next big European war in which Italy will be engaged. The chief result now when he talks this way is to make people wonder what has gone wrong at home, and why the attention of the Italian people must be so dramatically diverted.

THE tariff votes in the Senate releasing the conference committee from its obligation to stand against the flexible provision favored by the House, and for the debenture opposed by it, mean that a majority of the Senators really wanted the bill to pass. It had been rumored that sentiment against the new bill had made so much progress that the Senate would kill it indirectly by refusing to break the deadlock with the House on these clauses. But Democratic Senators from specially favored states, like Louisiana with its sugar interest, combined with Republican regulars to create a narrow majority for compromise. The vote on the flexible provision was, moreover, particularly significant for the administration. It was a tie, until Vice-President Curtis cast the deciding ballot. This means that the executive branch must assume full responsibility for the bill. If Mr. Curtis had voted the other way, the bill would probably have died in deadlock, and President Hoover would not have had to decide whether to sign it or not. In the matter of these two provisions on which Mr. Hoover's desire was known, moreover, the bill will come to him in the form that he wanted. He cannot veto it on either of these grounds. The question will therefore be squarely before him—if, as we expect, the conference report finally passes the

Senate—whether he is willing to sanction the unjust, deceptive and injurious general boost in the tariff.

THE New York World, in a recent editorial, adopted an ingenious method of picturing the burden laid on the consumer in the Hawley-Smoot tariff, by showing how a man arising in the morning would have to pay more, under its duties, for bedclothing, pajamas, slippers, shoes, clothing, furniture, breakfast, etc., to say nothing of the lumber or cement of which his house was built. The only trouble with this type of argument, picturesque though it is, is that it assumes that all the duties written into the law will be effective. As The World itself notes, most of the duties on farm products will not benefit the farmer for the simple reason that they will fail to accomplish their purpose of raising the prices of what he sells. The same will undoubtedly prove to be true of many of the industrial duties as well. There is a danger that, if we think the tariff will raise the prices of everything we eat, wear and live in, we may also think that it will benefit all the nation's producers—among whom many of us are likely to be numbered. The fact is that it cannot possibly aid more than a very small number of producers. This aid will indeed place a heavy burden on the consumer, but not so great a one as a person who merely reads the duties listed in the bill might infer. The real argument against the tariff is that it offers special privileges to a minority at the expense of the nation as a whole. And, to make matters worse, most of that minority either do not need the help, or should not have it.

UNDER the leadership of J. P. Morgan interests, the amalgamation of the great gas and electric companies east of the Mississippi proceeds apace. The United Corporation, which is the Morgan-Bonbright holding company, is about to achieve slightly more than a 25-percent interest in the Columbia Gas and Electric Company, which extends throughout Ohio and several neighboring states. The United Corporation already holds a substantial interest in the Niagara Hudson, Consolidated Gas of New York, Public Service of New Jersey, Commonwealth and Southern, and the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia. These companies in turn own and control properties which form a network all through the Eastern states. The United Corporation will now have assets valued at over three-quarters of a billion dollars, these having increased by more than $600,000,000 in less than a year and a half. The amalgamation will further the process of interconnection of power lines; and it will doubtless bring natural gas to the doors of many seaboard cities, greatly augmenting its use for household heating and industrial purposes. And it reëmphasizes the extreme importance of devising a better system of utility regulation, one which will operate in the interests of the consumers.

MRS. Ruth Hanna McCormick, who recently won the Republican nomination for Senator in Illinois, a nomination which is usually tantamount to election, promptly made public a model set of books showing that she had spent $252,000 to win the chance to run next fall for an office which pays $12,000 a year for six years. This is $57,000 more than Truman H. Newberry spent in the famous Michigan election, but less than Frank L. Smith spent in Illinois or William H. Vare in Pennsylvania, by $200,000 and $550,000 respectively. These figures, of course, seem less excessive when they are compared with the populations of the various states concerned. Mrs. McCormick spent about four cents per capita, Mr. Newberry five cents, Mr. Smith six and Mr. Vare nine. At the same time it must be recognized that when election expenses run into such figures as these, the only way a poor man can hope to be elected to the Senate is by having someone else spend money on his behalf, creating an obligation which is certain to be a grave embarrassment to his subsequent freedom of action. It is clear that we need a new definition, either in custom or in law, or both, of proper expenditure, and much more effective machinery than now exists for seeing that the law is obeyed.

IN THE case of Mrs. McCormick, it is charged that her recorded expenditure of $252,000 by no means covers what was spent on her behalf. In Cook County, for instance, which contains Chicago and furnished her with about half her total vote, she spent, by her own record, only $6,000. In Chicago, Mrs. McCormick had the support of Mayor Thompson's notorious machine, although she ran as a Dry and the Thompson gang is sopping Wet. Huge sums were spent on her behalf by the machine, some estimates of the amount ranging as high as three-quarters of a million. It is clear, in the light of these facts, that her victory did not constitute a victory for prohibition or a repudiation of the World Court. It was a case of "May the best dollar win!" The Senate committee on campaign expenditures is about to hold a careful investigation in Chicago of the financial side of the primary. If the charges against Mrs. McCormick are sustained, she ought never to be seated in the United States Senate, even if she wins over former Senator Lewis next fall.

IT HAS become the fashion to say that Germany is the only country that won anything out of the misnamed Great War, and there is some truth in it. Through the inflation of the mark a great part of her internal governmental debt was wiped out. By the terms of the Treaty of Versailles she was forbidden military aircraft, her army was reduced to a "skeleton force" of 100,000 men and her fleet was

left a mere shadow of its former glory. However, in every country there are some people who haven't sense enough to know when they are well off, and so it is in Germany. Her army costs have been creeping up to surprising totals, pointing either to the most monumental waste and inefficiency ever heard of, or to secret violations of the Treaty. Before the War, Germany's army of 500,000 men cost about $135,000,000 annually. Today her 100,000 men put a burden on the taxpayer of $125,000,000, the cost per soldier having increased from $275 to $1,250. Over a million and a quarter dollars are spent annually in keeping the rifles and carbines in condition, or about $12 each—an absurdly high figure. The expenditure on machine guns is four times larger than it was when the army was five times its present size.

FROM time to time, it will be remembered, commissions of inquiry, nominally representing the Allies but really dominated by the French, have investigated German military activities and have issued reports charging that the treaty restrictions were being violated. These reports have never been very convincing, much less so than the official figures of the German government itself, quoted above. Journalists in Berlin suggest that the Reichswehr may be engaged in expensive intrigue with Russia, behind the German government's back, though without explaining for what the money is being spent. Such a notion would be fantastically impossible in the United States, but it creates much less surprise in Europe. One thing is certain: if Germans are violating the terms of the Treaty of Versailles in either of the ways suggested, they are doing their country a grave disservice. No such secret equipment could have any serious effect upon the result of any war, yet it gravely increases the danger of one.

A NATIVE group in the Dutch East Indies has sent The New Republic a communication protesting against what it alleges to be Dutch misrule. It protests against child labor on the tea plantations, excessive working hours, alleged inhuman treatment, the expropriation of native land and other abuses. From this distance it is impossible, of course, to verify the details of this protest. Nevertheless, it is worth while to recall that during the last eight or ten years rumblings of revolt have several times been heard in the Dutch East Indies. Since the abolition of the famous "Culture" system in 1870, Holland has led the world to believe that its possessions are a model of colonial rule. It has blamed the revolts and the nationalist movement of the last ten years upon Communist agitation from Moscow. An inkling of the real situation was given, however, a year or so ago, by the publication of an exhaustive study on forced labor by the International Labor Office at Geneva This report showed that the government of the Dutch East Indies resorted to forced labor on a large scale. The laws of this colony authorize the government to impose upon the natives unpaid forced labor up to a maximum of forty days a year, and during 1926 the government exacted 14,000,000 days of such labor. As long as this labor system exists, Holland will be unable to persuade the outside world that there is no basis for unrest among the natives in its possessions.

THE English birth rate has declined once more. For the year 1929, it was only 16.2 per thousand, as against 16.7 in 1928. England and Wales now have one of the lowest birth rates in the world—lower, for example, than that of France, where race suicide is regarded as a national calamity. It is still more interesting news that the Italian birth rate also continues to decline, as it has done for several years. In spite of the intensive propaganda against birth control; in spite of the heavy taxes imposed on bachelors and childless families; in spite of Mussolini's determination to rule over a people as numerous as the Germans (and more bristling with arms than the French), the mothers of Italy are refusing, so it seems, to produce more numerous recruits for the army of national aggression. From 26.1 per thousand in 1928, the birth rate dropped to 25.1 per thousand in 1929. Can it be that the number of births is determined by circumstances beyond the control of a dictator?

FOR the benefit of those authors who are becoming permanently strabismic from writing with one eye on the Hearst magazines and the other on the movies, Mr. Homer Croy, in The Bulletin of the Authors' League, has lately published a market letter from Hollywood. Engagingly, hard-boiledly, he discusses the business of cinematic authorship. There is no demand, he reports, for crook and underworld stories; machine guns and sawed-off shotguns are gathering dust in the Hollywood storerooms. The cow ponies, however, are prancing out of the Hollywood stables, and there are golden days ahead for any writer who knows the difference between a rodeo and a remuda. Society dramas are also booming. Professor Irving Babbitt will be flattered to learn of the growing demand for "the sophisticated triangle where people get in and out of big motor cars, smoke cigarettes in long holders and talk about Humanism." Mystery stories are threatened with a slump, and Mr. Croy advises their authors to unload hastily so as not to be caught in a falling market. In this practical tone, his letter continues. Homer and Hesiod turn over in their graves; Dante walks with Virgil through an alley of laurel; Milton lies dreaming of a regained Paradise. The writer for the movies has his reward in the here and now. "Even if it takes a bit of maneuvering," says Mr. Croy, "the money is nice when it does come in and shake your bank teller by the hand."

Morrow Batting for Smith

MR. DWIGHT MORROW is being widely praised for the courage of his speech against the Eighteenth Amendment in the New Jersey senatorial primary. If his objective is merely the senatorship, the courage is that of a general who follows his army at a safe distance behind the lines. New Jersey has long been notoriously Wet; we now have the corroboration of the Literary Digest figures, which place the vote for repeal in that state at more than twice the vote for enforcement and modification combined. Mr. Morrow is familiar enough with statistical research to know that the Digest vote is pretty good sampling; at any rate, its widest possible error could not upset so thumping a preponderance. One might argue that the Drys, as a compact organized minority, exert an influence disproportionate to their numbers in primary elections, but Mr. Morrow already has the support of the dominant machine, and his most formidable opponent, Mr. Frelinghuysen, is also against prohibition. If Mr. Morrow does not obtain the nomination or the election, he will not have lost it by this speech. If he had been a thoroughgoing Dry and had said so, that might really have proved his courage.

Of course Mr. Morrow may be looking beyond the Senate. The presidential election of 1932—or of 1936—may lie in the background of his mind. In that case, there is more to be said. While the evidence indicates that those favoring repeal are more numerous throughout the country than either those who want enforcement or those who believe in modification, the repealists are not in an absolute majority. A man who let his ambitions rule his pronouncements might fear that the modificationists would be more Dry than Wet on a sharply drawn issue, or that the popular Wet plurality might not, on account of its assortment among the states, be convertible into a majority in the electoral college, or that the organized prohibitionists would defeat him in the convention. Yet it cannot be denied that a candidate must take a chance either way, these days.

Our purpose is not, however, to impugn Mr. Morrow's courage, but rather to comment on the political significance of what he did. Circumstances made it necessary for him to adopt some attitude on prohibition. He could not sincerely express the absolutist Dry sentiments. He therefore had before him the choice between two great models. One was that of the President, the leader of his own party; the other was that of the candidate defeated for President in 1928, the most eminent man in the opposition party. It is revealing that this regular and highly trusted Republican candidate for Senator has flouted the Hoover doctrine in order to embrace the doctrine of Alfred E. Smith.

Mr. Morrow could, with propriety, have dodged the issue because Mr. Hoover had done so. He could have said in substance: We have it on the highest authority that prohibition is an experiment noble in purpose. A presidential commission, one of whose duties is to investigate the operation of that experiment, is now at work. It does not lie within my province to outline a policy on the matter until we have the report of this excellent commission, appointed by the chief magistrate in whom the people have, by an overwhelming majority, placed their confidence. If, after the best efforts of the best minds have been turned to the task, the experiment fails, it will be time enough to agitate against it.

Instead of doing this, Dwight Morrow turned to substantially the same doctrine, and to substantially the same proposal, which Al Smith expounded two years ago. He did not, to be sure, acknowledge his indebtedness, and his development of the subject was perhaps more adroit. But the main argument was the same—the unwisdom of attempting, by the federal government, to regulate personal conduct in ways and in regions where the regulative help of the state governments cannot be had because local populations are opposed to the regulation. And his remedy was the same—to remove this task from the federal government and invoke its power only to help Dry states to keep Dry. In one respect only he was less specific than Al Smith. His proposed substitute for the Eighteenth Amendment does not say in what manner the states which want liquor shall have it, while the Democratic candidate's model amendment provided that they could have it only by state governmental distribution, as in the Ontario system. In this detail Mr. Morrow leaves open a wider door for the return of the saloon, which he opposes, than did Mr. Smith.

A number of inferences might be drawn from this event, none of which can be proved, but all of which have a likely sound. One is that Al Smith might have fared better with his proposal if he had belonged to the party under whose rule the country is always prosperous, if he had been born a Protestant, and if he had had the accent and manners of an Amherst graduate instead of those which cling to a boy from the East Side. Another is that it is becoming politically much safer—in some cases, indeed, politically imperative—to follow his lead in this matter instead of the lead set by Mr. Hoover. Or, if we reject this lowly interpretation of Mr. Morrow's choice, we may say that it is becoming pretty nearly a logical necessity for a man who sees straight and thinks clearly, who has a practical sense about the principles of government, and who has observed the operation of the prohibition laws, to come to much the same conclusion as Al Smith.

In any case, it is indeed a portent when the prestige of the Hoover administration has sunk so low that one of his major policies could be thrown out,

bag and baggage, without so much as a by-your-leave, in the opening campaign speech by one of the most respected and brilliant men of his own party —a man, moreover, who has been trusted in delicate tasks by Mr. Hoover himself.

When Admirals Disagree

THE hearings before two Senate committees during the past week have revealed opposition to the London naval treaty in important quarters. Admiral Bristol, the chairman of the navy's General Board, and Admiral Jones, who was a member of the American delegation at London, attacked the agreement as being disadvantageous to the United States. Their chief point of criticism is the familiar one: we need big cruisers armed with eight-inch-guns and didn't get enough of them; we don't need small cruisers with six-inch guns, such as Great Britain requires, and too many of these have been allotted to us. They also object to the additional tonnage granted to Japan, which they say has upset the 5:5:3 ratio, regarded by them as essential to American security.

The attitude of the American naval men duplicates with striking exactness that of their "opposite numbers" in England and Japan. At a meeting of the British Navy League, Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle denounced the agreement as "a thoroughly bad treaty" though admitting it is "good in spots." His objection was that Great Britain needs a larger number of cruisers and destroyers than she will get. Winston Churchill, in the House of Commons, charged that it gave England, not equality with America but inferiority. The Japanese Naval Staff similarly feels that the treaty terms constitute a betrayal of Japan's interest. When Admiral Takarabe, Minister of the Navy, returned to Tokio from London, a spokesman for the big-navy group presented him with a dagger suitable for committing hara-kiri and suggested that he should use it on himself, since he had "disgraced the glorious mission entrusted to him by the Emperor by abandoning the claims of Japan under the pressure of tyrannous America and Britain." We are glad to report that he declined the invitation, though there are times when the harassed student of international amity could wish that the admirals of all nations would practice hara-kiri on a wide scale. Certainly, if the present question were not so serious, it would be comic in the extreme to see these military manikins in different lands gesticulating in unison as though they were all attached to a single string. Which, for that matter, they are. The fact that the chauvinists in all three countries are protesting is the best evidence that the naval treaty really does represent an approximately fair compromise.

Returning to the attitude of the American experts, we may note that not all of them are in agreement with Admirals Bristol and Jones. Admiral Pratt, commander-in-chief of the American fleet, supports the treaty and defends, on technical grounds, the allocation it makes between large and small cruisers. Mr. Adams, Secretary of the Navy, if not a technical expert, ought to rank at least as a very well informed layman, and he, also, approves of the agreement at London. We are told that the officers of the navy, in general, are divided on this technical point of the large cruiser vs. the small. Even Admiral Jones himself wrote a letter last year in which he said that cruiser equipment ought to be divided about equally between six-inch and eight-inch guns.

If laymen cannot discuss intelligently the questions of naval strategy which are involved here, they can at least draw their own conclusion on the political aspects of the quarrel. Acceptance of the London Treaty means attaining an approximate parity in tonnage with Great Britain, and the maintenance of a fixed ratio between our fleet and that of Japan. Rejection of the Treaty means the resumption of competitive building toward a goal which recedes into the distance whenever it is approached. It means spending a sum so great that by comparison even the billion dollars we can expend under the agreement, if we are foolish enough to do so, pales into insignificance. It means restoring the dangerous condition of international tension with which this generation is already so painfully familiar, tension which is a strong propelling factor toward war. Even if everything that Admirals Jones and Bristol now say about the Treaty could be proved to be true, we believe it could be shown that, on balance, it ought to be accepted. But when the experts are so hopelessly divided as they are today, we have the right to act on a common-sense judgment regarding their conflicting testimony. That common-sense judgment says: Ratify.

Will Europe "Unite to Prosper"?

"THE HOUR," says M. Briand, "was never more propitious or more pressing for the inauguration of a constructive work in Europe." The Young Plan has just come into effect, and the Bank of International Settlements has opened in Geneva. The French troops are leaving the Rhineland. In Berlin, a Pan-European Congress is being attended by statesmen of many nations. In Washington, meanwhile, the House and the Senate are preparing to pass a tariff bill from which all European countries will suffer, and from which their surest protection lies in some form of economic union.

This was the moment chosen by M. Briand for publishing his outline of a general European federation. His plan, long awaited by diplomats, surprised them when it appeared: it proved to be more

detailed and comprehensive than most of them expected. It was also more practical in its suggestions, and it was advanced with the official sanction of the French government. Whether its author is wholly disinterested and whether its supporters expect it to be adopted in any immediate future are undecided questions. There can be no doubt, however, that it deserves to be seriously discussed, both as an abstract idea and as a basis for future action.

The document begins by stating the necessity for a European Union as the only means of removing the present dangers to the prosperity and peace of that continent. The French government, in proposing such a union, must offer "three essential reserves." First, the new federation of states must coöperate with the League of Nations. Second, it must not be opposed to any other ethnic grouping (that is, it must not be based on hostility to the United States or Russia). Third, it must not "in any case or to any degree" affect the sovereign rights of its member states.

After this introduction comes the plan itself, which consists of four sections. The first of these deals with the necessity for a European pact—to be modeled, so it seems, after the League Covenant. The second section deals with the instrumentalities by which this pact can be enforced. These, too, are to be modeled after the organization of the League: there are to be a European Conference (like the League Assembly) and a Political Committee (like the League Council). There will also be, at Geneva, a small permanent secretariat.

The following section consists chiefly of generalities, though it contains one significant phrase—"the extension to the whole of Europe of the international guarantees inaugurated at Locarno." France as usual is seeking new assurances of stability, new pacts of security. It is the fourth section, however, which contains the most important proposals. Here M. Briand is defining the functions of his European federation. It will strive for progressively lower tariffs, but it will not be a mere customs union. It will also control the policies of international cartels; it will coördinate such public works as international roads and canals; it will improve the land, air and water communications between the various European countries; it will offer credit to develop backward regions; it will have a voice in labor questions and in matters of public hygiene; it will promote intellectual coöperation; finally it will provide for inter-parliamentary reports in order to ameliorate the international atmosphere in Europe. This list of activities is impressive. Except for the power to levy taxes and issue coinage; except for the duty of maintaining an army and a navy, the proposed European Union would have essentially the same functions as were assigned, in 1787, to the United States government.

And yet, as radical as the plan may seem in the present divided condition of Europe, its nature is essentially conservative. M. Briand is not trying to destroy the existing political and social order; he is trying to preserve it. Under the new regime of mass production and rapid transportation, a country with ten or forty million inhabitants and an area of fifty or two hundred thousand square miles is no longer an efficient political or economic unit. It is threatened by the industrial efficiency of larger nations even more than by their armies and navies. An extremist might say that it is condemned either to quick suicide by war or else to slow suicide by economic strangulation. To such European countries, M. Briand offers a means of self-preservation.

The objections to his scheme by conservative politicians were only to be expected; they can be discounted in theory, if not in practice. The objections by liberals have a greater theoretical value. Essentially the standpoint of the latter is that the next step beyond nationalism is internationalism. To institute an intermediate step—a regional federation of states like M. Briand's European Union—is only to pave the way for vaster rivalries, and perhaps for vaster wars. Yet this argument, sound as it seems, disregards the practical aspects of the situation. A world economic union is vastly desirable, but it is impossible at present, and it may be impossible for generations to come. An economic union of European states would be difficult to achieve, but it remains within the realm of present possibilities.

Even old-fashioned statesmen are beginning to see that modern Europe is like a farm which has been divided among the farmer's five sons. One of them has a plow but no harrow; another has a harrow but no plow; the third has both, but lacks a horse to draw them. The fourth, being more fortunate, has all the necessary animals and implements, but has not enough land to employ them properly, while the fifth has land, but can find no market for the abundant crops he raises. All the sons must, in M. Briand's words, "unite to live and prosper." And although, temporarily, their prosperity might have an adverse effect on that of their neighbors; although it might lead to dangerous rivalries with the sons of other farmers, it could not fail, in the end, to benefit the world.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Amateur Sports Racket

I: *Sport as a National Industry*

DID YOU ever stop to consider how much it costs at the present time merely to clothe the average big-college football player for one season? Starting at the bottom with his special speed shoes at $25 a pair—usable for one game only—and continuing with the underwear which has been made to order; the socks, the stockings, the shoulder pads, the hip and kidney pads, the specially devised braces to protect this ailing muscle or that torn ligament, the tin cups, the jerseys, the sweaters, the headguards, the hoods, the glastonburys, the de-luxe silk pants, there are dozens of items in the rumble-dumble which goes to make up the trousseau of the American college football star in 1930. Exact figures on this equipment are rarely obtainable, but the yearly clothing cost per man in the larger colleges is probably much closer to a thousand than to five hundred dollars. Multiply this by, say, twenty men on the varsity squad, then multiply this number by twenty of the leading colleges, and one begins to realize what is meant by the often repeated statement that sport is a big business today.

Since the start of the present century, a vast and stupendous commerce involving the expenditure of millions of dollars and demanding the entire time and attention of hundreds of thousands of persons has been built up gradually in, around and about the athletics of the American nation. During the past twenty years it has grown rapidly; in the last ten years it has grown more rapidly than in the previous twenty; it has become so important that we now have congressmen introducing bills in the House to arrange where football games shall be played and the Federal Trade Commission hearing complaints against well known sporting-goods houses. So entrenched has this racket become, so widespread are its ramifications, that today many thousands of second-hand grafters have slowly attached themselves to it. They know a good thing when it runs into them on the street. Needless to suggest that everyone attached to the great sports racket meets changes or reforms of any kind with opposition of the most determined and bitter sort.

As an example of the effect the racket has had upon athletics in this country, let us consider that great American tragedian, an actor whose name will go down into history with the names of Edwin Booth, Richard Mansfield and Sir Gerald Du Maurier—Mr. William T. Tilden, II. It was, you may remember, this eminent actor who endorsed a popular brand of cigarettes a year or so ago as being particularly beneficial to members of his profession.

Is this sort of thing legitimate? Probably. Is it in keeping with the spirit of amateur sport? Yes, why not? If amateur society women can act as endorsers, why should amateur champions be deprived of the same privilege? Or, granting that they should be so deprived, who would take steps to put an end to the practice? The authorities in charge of the various amateur sports with which these amateur endorsers are somewhat remotely connected? All right, where are the heads of the Golf and Tennis Associations? They are right where they were, doing nothing, because there is nothing they wish to do.

It is a well known fact that in every organization like the Amateur Athletic Union, the Golf or the Polo Association, there is a proportion of men sincerely devoted to the game in question; men of ideals, courage, vision. There is also a proportion of politicians who see in their own attachment to the sport in question nothing more than a means of personal aggrandizement. They care as much about the problems of amateur sport as they do about the starving millions in the province of Shansi. An example of how athletics are used for personal advancement is the following mimeographed news release sent around last winter to leading magazines:

> (For release without charge by Roxford L. Holmes, 1414 Crittenden Street, N. W., Washington.)
>
> (*To the Editor: I am anxious to secure for you an advantageous trade advertising contract with high-grade hotels in Washington, Philadelphia, Buffalo, New York and Atlantic City. Please advise whether interested, and if so send rate card and copy of journal. Address Roxford L. Holmes, 1414 Crittenden Street, Washington, D. C.*)
>
> Announcement has been made of the appointment of Charles L. Ornstein, assistant general manager of the Maddux chain of hotels, and prominent leader in amateur sports in the United States, as chairman of the national redistributing committee of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States. The appointment was made by Avery Brundage of Chicago, president of the National A. A. U.
>
> Mr. Ornstein has been active in amateur sports matters in this country for more than ten years. He is at present secretary of the South Atlantic Association of the A. A. U. and a member of the American Olympic Committee. He also was chairman of the press committee during the last Olympic Games at Amsterdam, and was assistant to Major-General Douglas MacArthur, president of the American Olympic Committee, in handling many of the details for the American team while in Holland.

Is it too much to assume that the "advantageous trade advertising contract" is with the chain of hotels of which Mr. Ornstein is assistant general manager? And is it too much to ask what all this has to do with amateur athletics?

My own belief is that the men who control most of our amateur sporting organizations are pretty well sold on the idea that money is a necessity for amateur sports and that the quickest way to get money is to get it through the gate, like the professional baseball clubs. For there must be money to maintain those sumptuous offices on Madison Avenue in New York City (opposite the Ritz). You might just as well look for reforms in the Republican party or the steel trust as look for them in the associations that control amateur sport in the United States today.

Certainly there is one person who could if he desired do lots of damage to the sports racket, and that is the sports writer. You cannot travel intimately for weeks with baseball teams, make transcontinental journeys with football elevens, follow golf tournaments from the locker room as well as from the course, without knowing something. And, whatever his faults, the average sports writer for the metropolitan dailies is no one's fool.

There are, of course, many sports writers who, despite stringent newspaper rules, take money for acting as press agents to sporting organizations and winter resorts, or who graft in one manner or another from the professional promoters. Assuming them to be in the minority, why don't the others stand up and say exactly what goes on behind the scenes, why don't they explain the mumble-jumble which is athletics in the United States today, why don't they set down in black and white some facts about the great American sports racket?

It would be easy to say that they do nothing because they are afraid. This would not only be unfair; it would be something less than the truth. There are sports writers who are grafters just as there are plumbers and politicians and princes who are grafters; but the average sports writer is fair in his judgments, sincere in his convictions, and knows news when it is news. Not with his honesty but with his intellect would one take issue. He acquiesces in the status quo because he believes in it.

The minute any suggestions for change are propounded, the newspaper sports writer throws up a defensive complex. Of all the sports hierarchy he is the most conservative; compared with him the Justices of the Supreme Court are on the verge of Bolshevism. He regards any attempt to modify the existing order with deep suspicion. His viewpoint is that of the standpatter, of the football coach who sees everything as perfect—if only "those damn reformers would mind their own business."

One or two examples. "Football," says a pertinent editorial in The New York World, "is a disgrace to higher education." The typical sports writer's reaction was best expressed by that excellent reporter, Mr. George Carens of The Boston Transcript, over the heading, "Reformers Busy Trying to Tear Down U. S. Games." His constructive reply to the indictment of The World is, "Bah! Football needs no defense; but if it did there would be no difficulty in proving its value in the educational scheme."

No, the newspaper writer will make no move against the sports racket, not so much because he is subsidized as because he sees no value in or necessity for any deviation from things as they are. Last fall the Army football squad went across the continent to play Stanford at Palo Alto. There was a special train for the forty players and the seventy adults who are required to tuck them in bed at night. This train, with its baggage car fitted with hot and cold showers and lockers, with another baggage car made into a physical therapy room full of muscle vibrators and ultra-violet-ray machines and steam cabinets, with its club car containing radios and victrolas, its diners and observation cars and lounge cars, must have cost—no figures obtainable for obvious reasons—close to fifty thousand dollars. Was there among the sports writers who accompanied the team from New York a single one to comment upon this ghastly and criminal waste of the taxpayer's money? No, because they don't think it a waste of money. And besides, they were busy turning out this sort of thing:

> Flagstaff, Arizona. (California-bound with Jones Army.) The Army football battalion descended upon the desert this afternoon and furnished the wildest, weirdest scene the jack-rabbits and coyotes and prairie dogs had ever looked upon. There was no one else to see.
>
> Rolling through the sage-brush country, a hundred miles from civilization, Coach Biff Jones had a sudden inspiration and ordered the special train carrying his football squad to the Pacific Coast to stop. He reeled off a string of orders and in less time than it takes a country hook-and-ladder company to get to a three-alarm fire, the desert was converted into a practice field.
>
> Footballs were tumbled out of canvas sacks and four elevens were called off. Up and down the prairie they ran, shouting signals, passing and punting and furnishing sights that men go miles to see and for which thousands throng the giant stadiums of the country.
>
> Years from now some horseman riding through the lonely range may come upon a strange leather object and wonder what manner of animal it had been. Perhaps he will take it back and wise men will argue about it, when all the time it will be the remains of a football, lost and deserted in the middle of the prairie by the Army football squad upon this historic trip.

Mr. Alexander Woollcott, writing in The New Yorker recently, remarked that "the dramatic critics are one and all betroused Pollyannas speaking the theater soft." The sports critics are also doing a fairly useful job in this direction.

If we count out the sporting associations and the sports writers, to whom may we then look for any changes in the Sports Racket? Surely not to the sporting-goods business itself; none has originated there to date, nor are any likely to do so in the near future, unless all the evidence to hand is greatly misleading. A glance at the industry as it stands today will be revealing.[1]

The king of the sporting-goods business is, of course, the famous firm of A. G. Spalding and Brothers, established in 1876 and incorporated in the state of New Jersey in 1892. Through custom and by sundry other methods this corporation has built up, in its own field, a quasi-monopoly that such other staunch monopolists as the American Telephone and Telegraph Company must look upon with no inconsiderable envy. Thanks to its zealousness in the cause of sound sport, thanks also perhaps to its various "contacts," it has what practically amounts to consumer acceptance in its own particular line. Thus, the official hockey puck, the ball that is used in all official tennis tournaments, the official football, the official baseball, the official basketball, the official lacrosse ball, the official handball (the A. A. U. one-wall rules specify the *Spalding No. 101*), the official volley ball and numerous other official balls for this great sports-loving nation are manufactured by Spalding. In other words, its product is standard. What is this worth? Well, imagine what Buick automobiles, Ivory soap or Camel cigarettes would pay to have their products branded as "Official." Ask some friend who manufactures gloves, shoes, neckties, collar buttons or suspenders how many thousands (or hundreds of thousands) of dollars he would give for consumer acceptance. "The official collar button, adopted by the United States Bureau of Standards!" Imagine this if you can, and you have a faint idea of what Spalding starts off with.

Besides the dean of the sporting-goods business, several thousand other manufacturers have become interested in this and adjacent lines, perhaps bordering on the field of A. G. Spalding and Brothers, but often not actually competing with the older firm. Thus, we have athletic-shoe dealers, clothing manufacturers, concerns that supply chemicals and unguents for bruised muscles, corporations that make grandstands and bleachers, companies that erect stadia, architects who design them, engineers who help in their construction, hundreds of thousands of good, clean-living, red-blooded Americans, all intensively (and somewhat selfishly) interested in the great sports racket—in seeing sport get over in the biggest possible manner, in larger and still larger stadia, in more and still more special trains with therapeutic cars full of ultra-violet-ray machines, in greater squads and more expensive coaches—because, obviously, good coaching means winning teams, winning teams mean more gate receipts, and more gate receipts mean larger profits to be grabbed off by the men who make the shoes, the clothing, the liniments, the ultra-violet-ray machines, and so on. A nice clean business, sport!

To show exactly how nice and clean it can be, let me mention the case of a great university which once bought all its athletic goods and supplies from a small local dealer. One day the star football player got himself a degree, and, having joined the fellowship of educated men, forthwith became attached to a noted sporting-goods firm—except during the fall, when he acted as head coach at a high school near by. Here his success was immediate. At the end of several years, when a vacancy occurred in the coaching staff of his alma mater, he was placed in charge of its gridiron squad. Directly after his arrival, the university authorities shifted their order for athletic goods—in a big university between $30,000 and $50,000 a year is spent on athletic equipment—from the small local dealer to the noted sporting-goods firm. I have been told by those on the inside of the business that this same firm spent during those particular twelve months over $360,000 in athletic graft—money appropriately enough charged off on the books to "incidental advertising." JOHN R. TUNIS.

In his second article, "Dying for Dear Old Mazuma," Mr. Tunis will discuss the sports racket as it applies to American colleges.—THE EDITORS.

[1] Since this article was written, a conference of leading sporting-goods houses was convoked at White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, in an attempt to put an end to the graft prevalent in the industry.

Spring

Come out! It's Spring!
The elm-trees! See! They're blossoming!
All crimson-painted. Here's a flower
Come open! Now with every hour
There'll be fresh pollen for that bee—
Oho! No longer sleepy, he!

What song! What song!
Those greening hedges breaks along!
God! There's performed in everything
A miracle of throat and wing.
Needs but a swallow to flit by
And print its pattern on the sky!

Oh! Smell this air!
The wind it wanders; everywhere
It plucks a scent. Ah! Exquisite
The ache of Spring that comes with it!
And whence it comes, or where it goes,
The troubling wind of Spring—who knows?

Has fallen still!
The sun lies quiet on the hill.
There goes a furry groundling. Run!
You Spring-created rascal—Run!
And—hark! The blackbird's evening shout:
"The Spring! The Spring! Come out! Come out!"

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

The Marginal Farmer

The Fifth Contribution to the Symposium, "Hard Times for Farmers"

CHAIRMAN LEGGE of the Federal Farm Board in a recent address said: "As a business man, the farmer has not received a fair return on his investment." And Secretary Hyde of the United States Department of Agriculture adds: "The one-family farm is a valuable social unit. Its independence must be maintained, but in maintaining its independence we must remember that we preserve a small producing unit in a society where organization and combination are the rule. The farmer must have help, not only to reduce the competition of his fellows, but to see that social and industrial adjustments do not bear too heavily upon him."

Is it vital to American civilization that the American farm be maintained as a small-sized operative unit? Over 60 percent of the farms in the United States are less than one hundred acres in size, with an average capital investment of $5,351. What would be a fair return on such an investment? A 10-percent return would bring in only $535.10 per year, which is less than that received by an ordinary Mexican section hand. And yet, over 4,000,000 farmers of the country have an average investment in land and buildings of $5,351. How can their farms be maintained as successful business enterprises?

The politician also has much to say about the cost of production in agriculture, and insists that the farmer shall receive prices for his product which will return to him the cost of production plus a reasonable profit. What is the cost of production? No one knows. It has not been standardized. It cannot be standardized. Agriculture is not a single industry but a group of industries. One well established fact in agriculture is that the cost of producing a given farm commodity varies widely. How, then, can any possible price be established which will guarantee to all producers the cost of production plus a reasonable profit?

How much does it cost to produce a bushel of wheat? A very simple and apparently perfectly innocent question. It offers no serious difficulty to the layman. Yet there is no more difficult and important question in the whole field of agricultural economics. To answer it is practically impossible, since the conditions under which wheat is produced vary so widely. It is then perfectly absurd to state that the farmer is not receiving the cost of production plus a reasonable profit when he sells at the prevailing price of wheat, no matter what it may be. Some farmers make good money when wheat is selling for $1 a bushel, while others would not make money if wheat were selling for $10 a bushel. In 1919, the Department of Agriculture made a study of the cost of producing wheat in the great wheat belt of the United States, including the six wheat-growing states of the Middle West—Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Minnesota and North and South Dakota. The study was made on 481 farms, consisting of approximately 85,000 acres and producing 1,000,000 bushels of wheat. The average cost of producing winter wheat was $1.87 a bushel, but the actual cost on the individual farms ranged from $1 to $8.20 a bushel! In the spring-wheat area, the average cost of producing wheat was $2.65, but the range was from $1.10 to $14.40 a bushel!

The farm price for wheat that year was $2.15 a bushel; 64 percent of the farmers who produced winter wheat at a cost of less than this made money, while the 36 percent who produced winter wheat at a cost greater than this did not make money. One-fourth of the farmers who produced spring wheat at a cost of less than $2.15 a bushel made money, while the three-fourths who produced wheat at a cost greater than this did not make money. These are the facts in the case. What is the solution of the problem? What possible machinery, governmental or otherwise, could be established which would permit all the farmers to obtain cost of production plus a reasonable profit? It cost two farmers $14.40 a bushel to grow spring wheat in this region. Shall the price of wheat be adjusted by legislative machinery so that these farmers may make money? Or, is the problem an individual one as it is in other lines of human endeavor?

The high cost of production on these wheat farms was due mainly to the low yields obtained. On four farms in the winter-wheat belt, or one percent of the farms studied, the yield of wheat was less than five bushels per acre, and the cost of the production was $5.14 a bushel; while on six farms, or 2 percent, the yield was over twenty-five bushels per acre, and the cost of production was only $1.47 a bushel. It is quite clear from the evidence that the solution of the individual wheat grower's problem is the development of methods whereby the yield can be increased, for as the yield increases the cost of production decreases. Apparently much marginal land is being farmed which is unsuited to crop production, or else is badly in need of methods of soil improvement. It is

true that the farmer has many inherent handicaps to contend with, such as the weather, insect pests and plant diseases. It is only begging the question, however, to say that when the farmer plants fifty acres of wheat he does not know whether his yield will be five hundred bushels or one thousand bushels because of these handicaps.

Frank I. Mann, in Illinois, who has followed a definite system of soil improvement on his farm, has increased the yield of wheat from nineteen bushels per acre to sixty-three bushels, and the cost of the increased yield was only seven and one-half cents per bushel.

The University of Illinois recently made a three-year study of 175 farms in east-central Illinois which further illustrates this point. The soil type, climate conditions, crops produced, markets and capital invested were very similar. The only important differences in these farms were in their personnel. The most profitable farms made 5 percent on the investment of $60,000 and also $1,-268 to pay the operator for his labor and management. The least profitable farms made only 2.4 percent on the investment and left nothing to pay the operator for his labor and management. The handicaps of weather, pests and disease were the same in all cases; but the wide-awake, fully informed farmer took precautions to protect himself from these influences. Thus, the success of the better managed farms was due to the close attention given to the factors which make for greater profits—such as securing good crop yields, the use of high-profit crop rotations, the production of livestock, efficiency in feeding and handling livestock, larger volume of business, wise use of available man labor, fitting power to farm needs, diversity of production and production in accordance with market demands. There are apparently many men trying to farm who are not equipped for this type of labor. The old concept that anyone who is a failure in other lines of work can become a successful farmer can no longer be maintained. What can be done to help the marginal farmer?

Since managerial ability is the rarest and most difficult form of labor to secure in industry, and since agriculture is rapidly becoming commercialized and profits are now an important consideration, the question of management in agriculture becomes of fundamental importance. It would be unreasonable to expect that the 6,500,000 farmers of the United States are in possession of this rare ability. Hard, unremitting human labor on the part of the marginal farmer cannot be substituted successfully for management in agriculture. This fact has been learned by bitter experience in the industrial world, and it must be learned by the farmer before the solution of the agricultural problem can be achieved.

The development of proper management in farming is one of the most important trends in agriculture today, and will contribute more to the solution of the farm problem than any other single possible factor.

The marginal farm must be improved by a definite system of soil improvement, as Frank I. Mann has improved his farm, or else be eliminated as farm land. The marginal farmers must be grouped together in sufficiently large numbers so that they can receive the benefit of competent management, or else they will be eliminated as a factor in the problem. The only alternative is a definite, clear-cut governmental subsidy. There is no other way in which they may remain in the game.

If the farmer on marginal land and the marginal farmer on good land must give way in the relentless competition with the efficient producer on good crop land, they add to the number moving from the country to the city. As competition becomes keener, more and more farmers of this type will be forced out of the business, and fewer farmers will produce more and more farm products. This process is actually rapidly taking place, as is indicated by the fact that the farm population is fewer by 3,000,-000 now than in 1920. Much of our marginal farm land—approximately 13,000,000 acres—has reverted to pasture and sod, where it should always remain. This tendency is a healthy one for agriculture and perhaps should be encouraged by every possible means, with as little real distress as is possible to those most vitally concerned.

If, however, it is vital to the welfare of the country that the good farmer on marginal land, and the marginal farmer on good land, be maintained as such, there is no other way of doing it under prevailing economic conditions than by a definite governmental subsidy. Any other other device is merely beating about the bush.

ROBERT STEWART.

In the sixth and last contribution to this symposium, Messrs. Mordecai Ezekiel and Sherman Johnson will describe some present-day ventures in corporation farming and will consider whether they offer a possible solution of the agricultural problem.—THE EDITORS.

For an Artist

Though you tremble at a leaf's stroke,
Though a blown twig has felled you,
You will walk unharmed through falling forests of oak.

A moth's blundering at your windowpane
Will startle you in the night, you will lie awake,
But you will sleep through thunder and thundering rain.

You will not know them, you will not see their gifts
When lovers bring you honey and song and stars,
But your heart will follow the way one shadow drifts.

Nothing will happen to you as it should,
You are the faun at sea, and the pirate in the wood.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

India: A Nation on Strike

An Eye Witness Report of the Passive Revolt

BEFORE Mahatma Gandhi made his march to the sea, the police began rehearsing possible methods of dealing with his troop of passive resisters. I am told that a little play was staged by the seashore in the Gujerath. One policeman, who played the part of Gandhi, dipped a pot of water from the Indian Ocean. At this a second policeman cried, "Halt!" "I refuse to obey," answered the first. His fellow officer then took him by the hand and prevented him from going farther. This pleasant comedy—which, I am told, was repeated in other training camps for the police—was supposed to prepare them for all possible eventualities. But when the passive-resistance movement actually began, it proved far beyond their powers to subdue.

At Bhimrad, for example, 322 men headed by Ramdas Gandhi, the son of the Mahatma, went to the seashore early one morning and collected fifty-five maunds (over 4400 pounds) of salt. Huge gunnysacks were filled, and every person carried a bag of twenty to thirty pounds. The police arrested Ramdas Gandhi and four others, declared the salt contraband and confiscated it. But the other 317 volunteers lay flat on the ground, refusing to part with their goods, and there followed a tug-of-war between the police and the passive resisters. At the rate of fifteen minutes for each volunteer, it would have taken several days to seize the entire stock. Realizing the futility of the performance, the police left the place with their five prisoners and a few hundred pounds of salt, as much as they could carry. The rest remained with the volunteers, who parceled it into two-ounce packages. Later on these were sold in the bazaars of Surat, Ahmedabad and other places like peanuts in the streets of New York.

In Bombay a thousand volunteers began selling salt. It has been a daily practice for several thousand men and women to go to the seaside as religiously as they would go to the Ganges, and to bring home pots filled with sea water, this being a breach of the salt law. The passive resisters hold public meetings on the sands of Chaupati, where nearly two hundred thousand have sometimes assembled. The members of the audience carry brass pots, which are filled with sea water after the meeting is over and carried home. Within one week from the starting of *Satyagraha,* the price of salt in Bombay had gone down by half.

If the salt law was chosen by Gandhi as the first point of attack in his campaign of civil disobedience, it was because salt, though a common necessity, is a government monopoly which is burdened with a tax amounting to 2000 percent of the actual cost of production. This works as a poll tax on all, including women, invalids and children. The salt regulations, moreover, are easy to break. No government can successfully prevent an insurgent population of many millions from collecting, manufacturing or selling salt from a coastline of more than three thousand miles—to say nothing of guarding the innumerable salt deposits in the interior where people can help themselves.

Mahatma Gandhi's aim is to nullify British authority by breaking the British-made laws one by one without at the same time violating ethical obligations. Let me quote a few reports from Indian newspapers to indicate the drift of the movement: "Nearly 800 *patels,* or village officers, have resigned from as many villages, with the result that the government administration in those villages has collapsed. 'It is a sin on the part of village officials,' writes one of them in his resignation, 'to continue to coöperate with a government which has lost its head and persecutes its people inconsiderately.' "

"The social boycott against government officials continues. An armed police party came in the morning and had to go without food and water, as the villagers refused to give even a rope to draw water. A Rajput in the village gave them a vessel. A meeting of the villagers was immediately called, and the vessel was taken back with cries of *'Bande mataram.'* The collector of Kaira, who is the highest government officer in the district, could not purchase even tooth paste from the bazaars."

"Mr. Broker, the crown prosecutor of Ahmedabad, has suspended his practice and has asked Mahatma Gandhi for orders as to where and when he should join him." "A student procession will parade through the town tomorrow morning, preaching the boycott of British goods. Sixteen students were expelled from the hostel for attending public meetings and for refusing to salute the Union Jack." "Four Calcutta colleges," says another message, "are emptied of their students, who have organized a regular picketing at the college doors. In the evening ten thousand people, mostly students, gathered in a public meeting, which was charged by the police. Several of the demonstrators were injured. A bonfire of foreign goods [foreign in India generally means British] was staged by the students. It included even handkerchiefs, pencils and cigarettes."

The boycott of British goods is spreading rapidly. The merchants' associations of Bombay, Ahmeda-

bad, Lahore, Amritsar, Nagpur, Madras and many other large cities in India have passed resolutions prohibiting their members from dealing in foreign cloth, particularly British cloth. Those who defy the resolutions are penalized; in some cases they are fined as much as 1000 rupees, in addition to being expelled from the association. Even doctors have joined the movement. The All-India Medical Conference has adopted resolutions urging medical practitioners to prescribe drugs of Indian manufacture.

What is still more significant is the part played by women in the national agitation. A good many of them, after being so long confined within the four walls of their homes, have cast off their bonds and are taking an unusually large share in the program of passive resistance. They lead processions, speak from platforms and organize women's volunteer corps. Their enthusiasm for political action, their sense of liberty and their consciousness of women's role in the national life are remarkable, particularly in a country where orthodoxy still limits their activities. This awakening of the Indian women was so sudden, so spontaneous and so independent of convention, that even the shrewdest politicians were taken by surprise. Gandhi, in his first outline, had not taken them into account; but now he had to revise his plan, call in a special conference of women, and entrust them with what may be called a fighting program. In particular they are to have charge of the boycott against foreign cloth and the picketing of liquor shops.

Party politics in India has almost ceased to exist; the public feels itself attuned to something else, something which it considers to be more expressive of its own feelings. The Moderates have lost whatever influence they once possessed. It is true that Sir Chimanlal Setlwad, Sir Pheroz Sethna and other Moderate leaders—they are also known as Liberals—tried to promote an intense propaganda to support Dominion status and the proposed round-table conference; but on several occasions when they tried to hold meetings, the audience hooted them down and passed from the same platform resolutions demanding independence as the immediate goal of India. There is scarcely a large city in India where the Moderates have a chance of public hearing. They have plenty of money, but no men.

The fact is—and I suppose the officials are more aware of it than anyone else—that the government, in the last resort, has no allies except its own troops. India today has the air of a country under military occupation. Everywhere there are soldiers, policemen and armed auxiliaries. The railway lines, the law courts, the seashore places, the traveling officials, all are guarded. Recently I passed through the Balkans and the countries of the Near East, which are known as the sore spots of the modern world. The present military look of India surpasses them all.

Meanwhile, what is the government's method of combating the campaign of civil disobedience? It can, of course, fall back on its cannon, but there is not room enough in the jails to accommodate all the offenders. Under these circumstances, it has adopted the policy of arresting only a select few—yet even so, and even though the mass of passive resisters is still at large, there must be several thousand people behind British bars.

Pundit Gaya Sahai Chaube, of Lucknow, was arrested for manufacturing salt. The sub-inspector of police deposed that the accused boiled water strained out of saline earth on the pan before a gathering of 2500. Yet the prosecution could not find another witness. Mr. Abid Ali of Bombay was charged with the same offense. The magistrate asked him whether he wished to make a statement. He answered, "I do not recognize the British government, much less this court, and therefore you will not consider me uncivil if I do not make any statement." The arrested men refuse to give their names, answer any questions or defend themselves in the court. They may be charged with membership in an unlawful assembly, sedition, contempt of court, breaking the salt law, and with other possible offenses. But their attitude is consistently the same: they refuse to recognize the government.

In other words, what Gandhi and his followers are aiming at is nothing less than an outlawry of the British regime in India—and this with the help of the civil population exclusively. No government on earth, far less an alien government such as that of Great Britain in India, can hope to maintain its law and order when the whole population refuses to obey it. That millions of people should be willing to suffer punishment and physical injuries—that they should remain peaceful even when they have a chance to retaliate—is Gandhi's most remarkable achievement. There may in the future be riots, bloodshed and public violence at certain spots—India is after all a country larger than western Europe—but the loss of life will be infinitesimally small compared with what would surely have occurred in the absence of passive resistance.

Just as industrial workers may hope to have their grievances redressed by peaceful strike and arbitration, instead of by destroying the industry and its management, so also, says Mahatma Gandhi, a nation may go on strike. By this means it may get rid of a government which tries to perpetuate itself by force. If a whole people refuses to pay taxes or obey the laws—if it abstains from assisting the authorities in every possible manner—then the government will be forced to surrender as a government. Its authority will pass automatically to the leaders of the people. If this happens, so Gandhi says, India will have advanced the cause of world peace by showing in her own example the power of a peaceful revolt.

Poona, India. N. B. PARULEKAR.

Washington Notes

IT IS CERTAINLY never safe to prognosticate about congressional action. A bill, long and thoroughly debated, may be upon the brink of passage and then, coming to a dead stop, hover there for a month. Last week it seemed to my childlike mind that the grand old so-called "Grundy tariff bill," which has been in Congress nearly sixteen months, was sure to be passed within the next few days, and that the Great Engineer in the White House would now be groaning as he contemplated the misshapen thing. I was mistaken. Now it appears that it may be weeks before he gets the poor darling, and there is still considerable uncertainty as to what it will look like when he does. There is even uncertainty as to whether he will get it at all. Its life is again threatened. The old Progressive-Democratic Senate coalition, with its broken morale largely restored and only a few wavering brethren out of line, is all keyed up for another slashing assault. When the bill finally comes from the conference committee back to the Senate, the House conferees, with White House support, will have eliminated the debenture plan and restored the flexible provision in slightly modified but still extremely obnoxious form. As the Senate, many months ago when the coalition was in complete control, struck out the flexible provision and inserted the debenture, the issue will be clean cut and the fight bitter.

Though the bill is no longer open to amendment, it is the Democratic-Progressive coalition idea to debate both propositions fiercely and at length. They do not—so their leaders privately say—really expect to have their way on either. Nor do they anticipate killing the bill, though that is the threat and there is a chance that it will be carried out. There are, however, apparently just enough trading Democrats who have the price of their votes in the rates, to put the conference report through. As a matter of fact, the Democratic strategy is based on the notion that to kill the bill is to kill the issue. What they are out to do is give the measure such a final and thorough lambasting that when it at last gets to the Great Engineer it will be in the worst possible public repute. To this end, instead of merely voting on the conference report, the purpose of the coalition is to assail it all over again, to paint its iniquities the deepest black, to denounce it as a fraud upon the farmers and an unjustifiable and outrageous burden upon the consumer. In brief, proceeding upon the assumption that the unfortunate Herbert will sign the bill, provided that he gets the flexible provision which he favors and that the debenture which he abhors is eliminated, they aim to make it as loathsome as possible to the reading public.

Even before this final attack begins, it must be conceded they have done a pretty good job in this direction. As a net result of a year's consistent bombardment, the bill has become unquestionably the most unpopular tariff bill anyone in Washington can remember. As I have pointed out before, it is literally friendless. No party and no element of any party defends it or is pleased with it. Even Old Joe Grundy himself, whose name is now permanently attached to it, has so little love for it that he has referred to it as the "rottenest tariff bill ever passed by the Republican party." Whether he will vote against it on the final roll call remains to be seen, but by the time that occurs, unless all signs fail, he will have been beaten in the Pennsylvania primaries and will be at the end of his brief senatorial career, a much embittered and mortified old boy indeed. Under the circumstances I think it very likely that he will vote against it. At any rate there is no doubt about his opposition to the flexible provision. He is just as much against that as is any Democrat or Progressive, though for a different reason.

It is an extraordinary situation. I await Mr. Hoover's ultimate decision, as do a good many others, with very great interest, though it is a pity we have to wait so long. Some time ago I believed that he would approve, and I still do. Such, I might add, is the prevailing impression among regular Republican Senators, and is also the extremely firm conviction of the Democratic-Progressive leaders. Within the last few days, however, I have become personally convinced there is about a one-to-five chance that Herbert will fool us all and hit the miserable concoction in the head with his veto. I do not think the odds are better than one to five, but I do know that the veto idea is being very strongly urged upon him. Of course it should not need to be urged upon him at all; if the poor man were not so saturated with those notions about "economic stability" and had a little clearer appreciation of the feeling of the country generally, he would not hesitate. He would be impatient for the bill to come to him in order to kill it. I think he would like to do so, but the things that weigh with him almost as much as "economic stability" are the twin arguments that a veto would nullify an entire year's work of Congress and would leave unfulfilled the party's, and his, promise to relieve the farmer by increasing rates on farm products. It seems to me that the convincing answer to the first of these arguments is that the sort of work Congress has done on this bill needs nullification; as to the second, it is infinitely better to leave the farm pledge unredeemed than to give the farmers something repudiated by them in advance, and damaging to the rest of us.

I happen to know that some of his friends close enough to be regular Rapidan camp companions, whose views are sufficiently disinterested to carry more weight than those of any officeholder or politician, have told Mr. Hoover of their feeling that a veto of this tariff bill would do more to strengthen him in the country than anything else he could do. They have pointed out that business thrived under the Fordney-McCumber rates, and that the death of this bill would not unstabilize business in the least. They have expressed the conviction that the character of the bill, the method by which it was framed and the general resentment against it, particularly by the groups which it was proposed to help, all present a splendid opportunity for Hoover. No President has ever vetoed a tariff bill. Some such unprecedented act, some gesture that will unmistakably savor of determination and courage, some downright and forthright move that will seem a flat defiance of the politicians of his party who put him into this tariff hole—some such thing as this Mr. Hoover badly needs to rehabilitate a political prestige and a personal popularity greatly dimin-

ished under the constant hammering of the Democratic propaganda machine which has been made more effective by the recession of the prosperity tide. Whether these private appeals from his friends have a real effect upon Mr. Hoover, no one can tell; but when he couples them with the protest of the thousand economists and with his own personal distaste for the utterly unscientific nature of the whole measure, it seems to me that they should.

To my way of thinking, his personal reasons for vetoing the bill are overwhelming. From the personal, political, economic and general-welfare angles, his justification is clear. Yet one of the two Senators who are more intimate with, and loyal to, him than any others, after dining at the White House a night or so ago, came away convinced that he would sign the bill if the debenture were left out and the flexible provision put in. Members of the secretariat think he will sign it. All the "boys of the press" are positive that he will approve. It is the almost unanimous view, and I am almost in accord with it—not to the extent of regarding it as sure, but of holding that it is a five-to-one shot. If I could be certain that he knew, understood and had pondered the sad case of the late Mr. Taft, the Payne-Aldrich tariff and the 1910 congressional elections, I should reduce the odds. A clear appreciation by Mr. Hoover of the facts about what happened to Mr. Taft, and why, would make a tariff veto this time about an even bet. The trouble is that he was not enough interested in politics at that time to have an accurate knowledge of the tariff tragedy of the Taft administration—he was not, in fact, in the country. Somebody ought to sit down and go over all of that 1910 tariff story with him.

Washington. T. R. B.

The Vikings

The Warriors at Helgeland, by Henrik Ibsen. Translator not stated, probably for the most part William Archer. New Yorker Theater, May 12, 1930.

WE ALL know the stages of importance that Ibsen has occupied in the history of the theater. What he will mean to its future is another matter. At any rate, it is not hard to feel, as I did, a certain interest in "The Warriors at Helgeland," because of its relation to Ibsen's development. It is the third of his published plays. It was offered to the Christiania Theater in the autumn of 1857, when Ibsen was twenty-five, was rejected, was published the next year, and, alongside of Björnson's novel, "Synnöve Solbakken," took its place as one of the two first mature productions of modern Norwegian literature.

This legendary and heroic drama tells the usual story of a warrior coming to avenge old wrongs done his family, and of fights, wild deeds, simple honor, remorse, fatalism and so on. The involved course of the plot may be left to the readers or spectators of the play. In the original there may be a certain concise and terse manner of statement that provides something of the epical tone needed for these primitive motives, codes and emotions. In the Archer translation—the translation used on the stage seemed at times a little worse (I think I heard, for instance, something about a "splendid boy," owned by one of the parents)—the style is so flat, the words so dry, the rhythm so dead and untheatrical, so barren and without stress or tone, that the motives, the swiftly changing moods, the simple statements and primitive reactions, such as they are, are left unsupported. The people in the story seem, therefore, mostly flat, barbarous and disagreeable, not to say sometimes comic, and their affairs of little import.

We may easily say that such matter as this, which, with its heroes and fur rugs and colossal temperaments, is so akin to Wagner's dramas, cries for music to help it out. It is true, of course, that music, scenery and the like—why not Pavlowa, too, and Mr. Tappé?—would further the effect of this drama, just as moonrise might amplify the looks of Kansas City. But pushing the need farther back, we come obviously to style; and no little of the incredibility of these vikings derives from the bathos of their remarks. We do not know how vikings talked or what would be the realism due to them. We do not even want that realistic fidelity. But we must have a supporting style, something on which the mood rides and the effect becomes true, not true to the vikings but true to the nature of the drama as a whole.

To this production Mr. Thomas Wilfred brought his now famous Clavilux. In the scene by the sea the distant water, with its waves and its sheets of light and the changing sky above, was done with this instrument, which was placed where the prompter's box is in old theaters or in the opera. In the scene of the banquet hall, appallingly designed otherwise, the box for the Clavilux became a hearth from which the red glow spread into the room and struck against the figures there and the shadowed walls. The sea effect was a little milky and soft, and might have profited by more spine and sharp definition, but was, nevertheless, striking enough. The varying bright and dark, red and dusk, in the other scenes, partially stylized and often imaginatively related to the action—which is to say dramatic—was admirable. The whole impression one got from the introduction of Mr. Wilfred's invention was highly promising for the theater of the future.

The acting was pleasantly passable, now and then a little above. None of it seemed very bad, which was partly due to the fact that the actors did not even seem to feel the problems inherent in the playing of such drama, and so did not remind us of their mild fatuity. Miss Blanche Yurka, with some force now and then, with her beautiful voice, and, off and on, some readings sadly trite, and Miss Margaret Mower, with a type of beauty well suited to the drama, played the two women's roles. Mr. William Warren, Mr. Charles Waldron and Mr. Richard Hale were the leading vikings. Mr. Hale contributed a song to the event, but there was not enough surrounding mood to support him and do him justice. To say more about this occasion of "The Warriors at Helgeland" would only show a lack of humor in the critic; but points arise that seem to me interesting.

For example, the production of such a play becomes fantastic partly through the fact that we have no tradition or stage inheritance to bring to it. Some of the players have been in Shakespeare, but even there the case is not much better these days. Shakespeare, however, is at least in our race, and the glamor of his words carries us far.

Three or four magnificent actors might with their power render powerfully some of the projected moments of heroic rage, passion or fatality in this viking play. But only the strongest impact of personality could make the occasion significant or give to it any importance, and the play itself is not worth the trouble. Even in its own country it never had any reality or tradition to speak of, though it may have trailed some of the newly awakened nationalism along with it.

Or, for another point, we may reflect on the impure nature of the art of the theater, such a scattering of responsibility and credit among the many mediums involved: the actor, the play, the director, the décor, the producer, and so on. There must have been divers persons on the stage at the New Yorker who knew how flat, barren and sometimes silly the lines are as they stand in English—doubtless they are nearly as bad in Ibsen himself—and how foolish the décor, and yet everyone had to bear the burden of the poor taste and vacuity.

Or we may smile at the little pedantries of the theater when it hits sometimes an academic point. In this instance it is *veekings,* instead of our usual *i* sound. As if there were not enough to do struggling with costuming, movement and all the other stylistic problems that arise with such a play! It reminds me of how, long ago, in Miss Grace George's play about Marie Antoinette, they clung so carefully to the French pronunciation of *guillotine,* those double *ll's,* when most of the company did not know how to sit down in their clothes or to enter a room. It reminds me of "Rio Rita," when, after so much costly research in Mexican detail, for hats, spurs, buttons, et cetera, the whole company mispronounced the name of one of the leading characters, Esteban. Such are the sins of intellectual pride sometimes.

For one other detail we may cite the matter of women's costumes. Opposite the heroes of Helgeland in their hides and horns and tin, looking weak, bob-tailed and mussy enough in all conscience, stood these two lady wives dressed in clinging chiffons or silks or crêpes of the epoch, brought every year on viking ships from Paris, delicately cut to the flowing line, and hung on pegs above the bearskin pallets in the sleeping chambers. In the outdoor scenes the ladies were more hearty, with cloaks or ballet tunics, bows and helmets. In the last act, when Hjordis comes to slay her beloved and ride away with him on the black horses from Valhalla—a ride suddenly defeated by his springing on her in his dying breath that he is a Christian and goes to another heaven—Miss Yurka wears a sort of longish tunic, black like Hamlet's, with a band of steel passementerie around the hips, and a helmet, quite smart, of the same effect, with two black wings at the sides. Nobody asks that original viking styles should be worn by the actresses; we ask only that some unity of style relate their costumes to the dramatic moment, in whatever style the whole may be given, and ask not to be expected to take them seriously when they look so absurdly prettified. That was one advantage of the old-style opera, before either this concern with realism or this talk about stylistic unity came in, and it was still all a matter of melodious nonsense, pleasant enough—Iphigenia going to her death in satin slippers and a bustle, if you like.

STARK YOUNG.

Mayakovsky

VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, singer of the machine and the machine gun, Bolshevik, realist, materialist, is dead. Mayakovsky, a symbol, almost, of the new unafraid Russia, a challenge to the tormented egocentric past, has committed suicide. The implications of his act are bewildering to the new hard-as-nails intelligentsia of the Soviet epoch. The youth whose loudest voice was Mayakovsky is reeling under the blow, for the moment panic-stricken. For Mayakovsky's suicide is more than a mere personal tragedy. The shot that ended his life dashed the props from under a good many of the cocksure formulas by which his comrades regulate their lives.

The new Russia whose reverberating voice was Mayakovsky scoffs at the famous "Russian soul," at "Slav mysticism" and "Slav fatalism." It shakes off the apoplectic past of Dostoievsky's novels like the memory of a bad nightmare. It talks in terms of blood and fire, iron and steel. It prefers a row of incandescent lights to all the twinkling stars in the skies, the black plumes of smokestacks to all the flowers in the fields. There is, indeed, a sort of desperation in the insistence with which it derides sentiment, romance, love, even nature as such.

This was the attitude sung by Vladimir Mayakovsky. "There is no place for weakness and spring tenderness," he shouted in his ode to the G. P. U., to the "soldiers of Dzerzhinsky." Deliberately he adopted the manners of a Parisian *apache* and the vocabulary of the trenches and stokeholes. He pulled poetry from its comfortable perch in the clouds, down to the battlefields and wheatfields, the factories and mass meetings. He was not too fragile and poetic for the work of the revolution. "The poet has licked the tubercular sputum with the rough tongue of placards," he wrote in his last published poem. He plastered the nation with these rough propagandist placards; marshaled his rhymes like rows of bayonets in the fight against typhus, against counter-revolution, against petty personal interests; enlisted the Muses in advertising campaigns for the government department stores or drives for collective farming.

Mayakovsky it was who first popularized the phrase "a social order" as applied to artists of all types. The Bolshevik government, he contended, could order any poet or painter or playwright to write or paint what it needed at a particular time, without waiting for inspiration and such nonsense. The immediate need of the revolution was inspiration enough, and those tender creatures who must nurse their talents in a studio hothouse could go to the devil or to the Solovetzky Islands along with the whole pack of bourgeois dogs.

Mayakovsky's strident lines were hammer blows, cannon shots, the thunder of 150,000,000 men and women marching straight into the collectivist future. How he roared his derision of the little chamber tragedies of self-centered men, the little love affairs and titillations of poetic nerves. How he gloried in the new strength, the revolutionary energy, the power to shrug off personal sentiments and merge with the mass, speak for the mass.

And now Mayakovsky is dead—dead because his "love-boat" has been wrecked against every-day life—dead like any

mooncalf, like any introspective hero out of Dostoievsky's apoplectic past.

Again the soul, or whatever one prefers to call it, has triumphed, more thoroughly than it did in Yessenin's death. Yessenin was the lyric playboy who had tried all the thrills but one and was trying that one at the last. In the farewell note written in his blood Yessenin had waved his death defiantly like a flaming banner of private feelings. But Mayakovsky was ashamed to die. Mayakovsky died feeling almost like a traitor, shrinking from the judgment of his fellows. In a scribbled note to his comrades of the Society of Proletarian Writers he pleads with them not to think him weak—a vain plea, as he must have known—and in his last pathetically flippant letter he writes, "I know this is not the way out—I recommend it to no one—but I have no other course." Mayakovsky knew that his own eloquent condemnation of Yessenin would be brought as witness against him. "In this life it is easy to die—to build life is hard," he had written then.

He could not help himself. What was the compulsion? Perhaps, as hinted by some of his friends, the allusions to unrequited love were a veil to obscure more serious reasons. Perhaps, as the press suggests, illness had undermined his iron physique and left him an easy prey to nervous torments and depressions. Yet none of these explanations can cover the monumental fact of his self-destruction, because none of them rhymes with the staccato certainties of Mayakovsky's attitude, with the rote formulas of the new intelligentsia.

Several weeks ago this intelligentsia was startled by a film produced in the Ukraine by a gifted young artist of the camera, Alexander Dovjenko. It is called "Earth," and succeeds superbly in conveying the ripe earthy flavor of life. It begins with an old man munching a juicy apple and stretching out contentedly to die. After him come the Comsomols, the tractors, the collective arms, political ferment and mechanical revolution, all of which Dovjenko treats with the enthusiasm and approval to be expected in a Soviet film. Yet subtly, inevitably almost, some basic things older than Marx or Stalin intrude upon the scene. Above the throb of the tractor the camera recorded the beat of life. Better machines, better social forms, more decent human relations—but also juicy apples, luscious females, fertile fields and pregnant women, the terrible urgency of sexual love, the continuity of nature. The elemental personal sentiments, personal yet universal, were caught upon the screen—the timeless ingredients of life.

The new Moscow intelligentsia jumped on the picture and on Dovjenko with both feet. In prose and verse they were castigated as reactionary, romantic, very nearly counter-revolutionary. Demian Biedni, journalist in verse, devoted half a page in Izvestia to an angry attack in rhyme. Dovjenko had dared to accent nature, to give to the earth more importance than to the tractor which plows the earth, to admit the dominance of love in the life of young people even on a *kolkhoz*, to send a young Communist blithely, singing and dancing, to his death in an exuberance of love.

Always the same desperate anxiety to deny human values, as though Communism were somehow incompatible with the timeless ingredients of life. It is reflected in a hundred ways—in new Communist conventions of emotional callousness, in the suppression of personal motives in literature and on the stage, in the glorification of ruthlessness as such, in the outlawing of tenderness—things which have nothing to do with Communism, things that are a fungus growth on the Communist ideal. Always the same panicky anxiety to make a prime virtue of what in the earlier years of the revolution were recognized as merely sad necessities.

Did Biedni, reading the shocking news on the same spot in Izvestia, realize that Mayakovsky's suicide was a sort of answer to that angry attack on "Earth"? A sort of reassertion, crude and tragic, of the purely human, non-economic element of life?

Mayakovsky, I believe, did realize it. His steely strength, his ruthless suppression of the individual for the mass, his booming loud-mouthedness were weapons with which he armed himself for the revolutionary job at hand. But they remained only weapons, external instruments, and not—as so many of his comrades are trying to convince themselves—an intrinsic part of his body and soul. The suicide is an accident which has disclosed this fact to the world.

But to Mayakovsky himself it was no secret. Indeed, he tried to tell it to the new Russia in that last poem of his, published in the February issue of Oktiaber. No one listened, no one stopped to hear the weeping under his clanging lines, until he died. Now that poem is read as an epitaph, as perhaps Mayakovsky intended it to be read. He tries in this poem, "With a Full Voice," to estimate his own place in contemporary literature. He tries to look upon his literary remains as posterity in a socialist future might look upon them. And he finds them good, real, solid, more enduring than the delicate flowers of verse cultivated by fastidious singers.

Yet he cannot conceal the price at which he bought that enduring solidity:

> . . . I am the scavenger and water-carrier, mobilized and called by the revolution. . . . The "agit-prop" [agitation propaganda work] stuck in my teeth and it would have been more profitable and beautiful for me to scribble romances for you. *But I humbled myself, stepping on the throat of my own song. . . .*

My rough prose version cannot even suggest the flavor of this poem, this revolutionary testament under which beats a terribly human, terribly suffering heart. The loud boasts of strength break down and Mayakovsky weeps for his throttled song. "Listen, comrades, descendants, to the agitator, the bawling leader. . . ." Listen to the bawler choking his own song with the rough heel of his revolutionary boot.

Young Russia did not suspect how Mayakovsky ached, how he wept for his unborn and unneeded lyrics in an age of battle cries. So now, at his bier, young Russia stands bewildered. His intimate friends knew that there was in him a quivering sensitiveness and a shrinking which all his careful roughness and rudeness could not quite conceal from them. To the Soviet masses he was a poet of steel, who flung posters and burlesques at them that were of a piece with the harsh revolutionary epoch. His suicide

revealed to them that under the steel was flesh like their own, and it perhaps helps explain the spontaneity of the enormous tribute of affection paid to him—the most moving popular demonstration evoked by the death of any artist in this generation.

Mayakovsky is dead by his own hand. It is not enough to say, as already the politicians of literature are saying, that he was too weak for the fray; that he carried over bourgeois tendencies from his past. It is too easy to patch bewilderment with the ready-made labels of the agit-prop. It would be better, far better, to admit the full tragedy of this poet's inward struggle, to admit the reality and potency of intimate individual feelings. It would be better, far better, to do so before the present attitude, the attitude forced upon the new Russia by war and revolution, hardens into a new insensate skin.

Moscow. EUGENE LYONS.

TWO COMMUNICATIONS

Term Insurance vs. Life Insurance

Without endorsing the opinions expressed by either writer, The New Republic presents these two divergent views of the life-insurance problem for their inherent interest.—THE EDITORS.

SIR: People think that life insurance is, primarily, protection against death—not an investment. They want protection. They would buy it readily, in term policies, just as they do fire insurance, if it were understood.

Term insurance is pure, unadulterated protection, like fire and burglary insurance. It is the basis of all legal-reserve life insurance, and is sold, in some form, by all companies. It may be had, from some of the best companies, in policies that run to an age beyond which a man would never need protection—to age seventy-five. And it always costs less than any other kind. It does not increase in cost any more than does the protection that is granted by any policy.

But whole life, which is an endowment at age ninety-six, and all other forms of endowment insurance, are not protection, but a combination of protection (term) and savings.

Little do people realize what a small part of the premiums paid for life insurance pays for protection. At age thirty-five, term insurance can be had for $8.82 per $1,000, whereas the premium collected by the large mutual companies for ordinary life is about $28. Whatever the policyholder gets for this great difference is *not* insurance.

Because a man now needs protection against death, and may ultimately need an old-age income, is no reason for buying the protection in a contract that compels the saving of money to replace the protection. But this is now the ordinary procedure.

From the standpoint of correct financial mathematics, there is no advantage, at any time or under any condition, in combining these two entirely different things in one policy and selling it as one thing, "life insurance." Combining cannot possibly reduce the death rate and thereby reduce the cost of protection; neither can it increase the interest that the company earns on its investments, and so increase the "dividends" paid to policyholders.

There is no normal need for protection beyond the productive period of life, ages sixty to seventy, when the paying should cease and the receiving begin. Then the need is for a paid-for annuity or other investment—not so-called "paid-up" life insurance. Nothing but good, income-paying investments will pay the insured, as well as his dependents, an income for life.

The accumulation of an estate, either life insurance or otherwise, to eliminate the need for all protection before the productive period of life is ended, should be the goal of every man. And this is fortunate, because the cost of protection, in any and all policies, is very high at age seventy, and afterwards rapidly becomes prohibitive. The truth of this statement is not generally known because people do not realize that in whole-life and all other endowment policies the actual cost of the protection is hidden.

Most people think that the net premium (premium less "dividend") indicates the cost; but this is not the case. It is only one of two items that accrue to the company for the purposes of the policy. The other item—and it may be the larger—is the interest earned by the company on the cash value. In consideration of these two items, the company increases the cash value, decreases the protection an equal amount, and uses the balance to pay for the decreased protection. (It is necessary to understand this slightly complicated transaction. But this is not difficult when it is realized that the dying value of a policy does not increase as the cash value increases, and that the protection must, therefore, decrease.)

When the cost of protection is correctly figured, as above, it will be found that it increases from year to year as the age of the insured increases, and that it is no less in old policies, taken at young ages, than in new policies recently issued. It will be found that the cost increases in accordance with, and is never less than, th natural yearly term rate of the American Experience Table of Mortality, as follows:

AGE	RATE PER $1,000 OF PROTECTION
40	$9.79
50	13.78
60	26.69
70	61.99
80	144.47
90	454.55

From the foregoing it is seen that there is level-premium, but not level-cost, life insurance. Also that "paid-up" policies are not *paid-for*. They are simply those whose cash value is large enough so that the interest earned on it, without the payment of premiums, is sufficient to increase the cash value and pay the increasing unit cost, as shown above, of the decreasing protection.

When any endowment policy is properly dissected and its cost analyzed and compared with good term insurance, it will be found that it has no advantage, and that cheaper protection and better life-insurance investments may be had if purchased separately. However, the separation of protection from investment is advisable for reasons of vastly greater magnitude than this.

There are few things of greater importance to humanity than these two: protection against premature death, and the accumulation of estates. They are related, but not interdependent, propositions. It is impossible for policies dealing with them to be understood, or properly fitted to the varying needs of men, unless they are separately and independently considered.

There is ample time for a man to prepare for old age. But the need for protection is instant. He who is raising a family of children, getting established in business, buying a home, has not the means or the inclination to make a life-insurance investment as such; but he has the need and the inclination for protection against *premature* death—also the means, if he buys term insurance. But it is utterly impossible for such a man to afford adequate protection otherwise. Inadequate protection is like a house without a roof. How important, therefore, to know that term insurance is not only the cheapest, but the best and most economical!

The public suffers great loss because it is "sold" on policies that are inadequate, too expensive and not understood.

The greatest loss is from the insurance that is not in force because of the high cost. According to the last figures published by The National Underwriter, the life insurance per capita in this country amounts to the pitiable sum of $542.

Although term insurance at age thirty-five is being profitably sold for $8.82 per $1,000, the public is educated, at great cost, to believe that ordinary life, at $28, is the better "buy." To sell the latter policy, the companies are obliged to pay salesmen about four times as much as they are paid for selling term insurance. The tremendous selling costs amount to more than the cost of paying all the death claims. Even then the average salesman cannot make a fair living.

Further proof that endowments are "sold" to many people who are not prepared, mentally or financially, to continue them is supplied by the tremendous number of policies that lapse every year. The loss from this source is appalling. "The Life Insurance Year Book," published by the Spectator Company, states that the forfeited surrender charges alone amounted to more than $65,000,000 for the year 1927.

Some of the disadvantages which result from the purchase of endowment policies, and which cause many lapses, are as follows: (1) All that is invested, to the time of death, over and above what term insurance would have cost, is lost, both to the insured and to his beneficiary. (2) The savings are not available, like ordinary savings or investment. If used, the protection must be forfeited or "borrowed," thereby increasing the out-of-pocket cost by the amount of the interest, and reducing the dying value of the policy by the amount of the "loan." (3) The protection is automatically decreased, regardless of the needs of the insured.

The only valid counteracting advantage which can be claimed for endowment, a psychological one and of doubtful value, is that, if people think that ever-increasing cash values are a necessary part of the "best and most economical" life insurance, they will then save money that would otherwise be spent. Grant, for the sake of argument, that this would result. Is it right intentionally to deceive because the deception may confer an incidental benefit? Could such methods of enforcing thrift offset the loss to the widows and orphans of the men who die without knowing that they could have purchased term insurance, and therefore have carried two or three times as much?

All these losses and disadvantages will be eliminated by the understanding that will prevail when all endowment policies are abolished and replaced with term and *separate* annuities. Then, life insurance may be purchased intelligently.

St. Louis, Mo. LEWIS B. TEBBETTS.

SIR: Rather than argue the question of term insurance versus life insurance, I prefer to outline the general principles of all forms of life insurance and show how certain forms, or combinations of forms, of coverage best apply to individual cases.

Hundreds of thousands of the American public who have been intelligently sold on the utility of programmed life insurance are unneedful of advice on this subject. They are well versed in the benefits of the various classes of insurance and have come to a realization of their requirements and ability to pay. To the legion of non-insured and underinsured, however, such an explanation should prove invaluable.

Life insurance has as its primary aim and function the replacement of monetary loss caused by the death of an individual. In its scope it embraces, in addition to the desire of the insured to continue financial assistance to some dependent, the element of savings and investment with an institution of unquestioned integrity.

The legal-reserve life-insurance companies have recognized the fact that the needs of the individual insured vary materially as to protection, desire for saving and investment requirements. They have as a result built up four general plans of insurance which may be classified as follows: whole life, limited-payment life, endowment and term insurance.

The whole-life contract gives a maximum of protection for a minimum premium. The term of the policy is limited only by the death of the insured as long as premiums are paid. As a lifetime contract, it eliminates the chance that at some future date the health of the insured will preclude him from obtaining life insurance, while the cash values are annually increased to provide a bulwark against the loss of his insurance should financial adversity preclude payment of premiums.

The limited-payment contracts are similar in their basic principles to the whole-life form, except that limited-payment contracts permit the reduction of the premium-paying period by payment of larger annual premiums during a restricted number of years.

The endowment contract combines the advantages of life insurance with that of regular savings. It affords an opportunity for a person to set aside a stated amount through systematic savings in a given time with the proviso that payment of the entire amount aimed for will be assured by the company should death intervene.

Term insurance, as its name implies, is a temporary coverage for a stated number of years at a premium cost, eliminating the non-forfeiture of cash-surrender values.

The difference between the regular forms of insurance and term insurance is the difference between permanent protection and temporary coverage. The great feature of the ordinary or limited-payment life policy is that such policies provide for the insurance needs of those who desire insurance protection without increasing cost as long as they live. The reserve which enables the life companies to insure their own financial permanency constitutes an iron-bound guarantee of security to the insured. Through the experience of millions of policyholders the companies are able to project their calculations into the future and, by a study of the longevity of a people as a whole, to effect a lower premium rate, permitting the interest earnings on the reserve factors to reduce the initial premium as well as the subsequent premiums.

Although this reserve is held by the company, it is at all times the property of the insured and may be withdrawn by him at any time after a limited period.

Term insurance is a temporary form of coverage and assumes desire on the part of the applicant for a maximum of protection for a limited time. It has no savings value and does not bind the company to reinsure the life of the policyholder at the expiration of the term if his physical condition does not warrant it. An ordinary life policy always results in a claim. A term policy may never become payable.

Term insurance may be likened to a fire policy. If a man has a stock of goods, he will insure it during the time that it is in his possession, but will discontinue the insurance after the goods are sold. In the same way the man may want the protection of life insurance during some temporary period of risk. If so, he can obtain a policy, identical in principle with the fire policy, which will run for a certain period and then expire. The rate charged for such a policy is low; for if the insured lives beyond the term agreed upon, the company will have nothing to pay. Permanent life insurance, on the other hand, will protect the insured during any desired period of temporary danger, and at the termination of the period he will have a valuable asset worth 100 cents on the dollar.

Life-insurance executives and agents all recognize the desirability of each of these various forms of contracts under proper conditions—conditions which apply solely to the requirements of the prospective assured. The modern life-insurance agent, before issuing a policy of insurance, makes a thorough study of his client. He considers his present and probable future financial outlook, as well as various other factors as to health and dependents which apply to him alone, and sells one of the four types of contract—or perhaps two or four of the types mentioned—to care for the specific needs which will undoubtedly arise in the lifetime or at the death of the insured. The time is past when a life-insurance agent sold one of these four forms of contract to the exclusion of the other three, merely because of a personal belief in the superiority of a certain form of insurance.

An agent who sells indiscriminately to every client an ordinary life or an endowment or a term policy, regardless of the individual requirements, might be likened to a grocer who refuses to sell any vegetable but spinach because he is firmly convinced that this vegetable is essential to health. Dietitians recognize that a properly balanced diet is the prime requisite, and just so does the capable life-insurance salesman endeavor to care adequately for his clients' whole needs through a properly balanced selection of life-insurance coverage. He recognizes that permanent protection is the main essential of complete coverage, and plans his program with this idea as his ultimate goal.

An analogy which might be more truly cited is that of an automobile salesman who recommends a low-priced touring car to every prospective buyer, regardless of individual needs or ability to purchase. More miles per gallon mean a lot to some. Others disregard this advantage and consider only capacity, comfort and trade-in value.

New York City. T. J. V. CULLEN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Was Mrs. Dugan Hanged for Murder—or for Using Vile Language?

SIR: In The New Republic of May 7, appeared a letter from Mr. Charles Kinder of Denver, Colorado, on the Eva Dugan case, which implied that Mrs. Dugan was convicted on flimsy evidence and that she had, as a matter of fact, become insane after her commitment to prison.

Mrs. Dugan was convicted on what might be termed circumstantial evidence, but this evidence, piled high against her, and her own testimony as well made it impossible for the jury to bring in any verdict except "Guilty." I attended the trial myself, heard practically all of the testimony and heard her own testimony. If Mr. Kinder or any others who have doubts as to her guilt will simply read the transcript of the testimony I believe that they will become of the same opinion as the jury of twelve men who convicted her.

Mr. Kinder remarks about the boy Jack and his disappearance, and the probable fact that he was the one who killed Mathis. Inasmuch as the boy Jack has never been heard of again, it is quite probable that Mrs. Dugan did away with him also.

It was the jury, not the judge, that sentenced Mrs. Dugan. The jury brought in a verdict sentencing her to hang, which means, under the Arizona laws, that the judge has no other recourse but to follow the jury's recommendation.

As to the question of her sanity, we know only too well that she was sane, because she wrote us a note a few days before her sanity hearing and one after the sanity hearing which no insane person could have written. One of these notes we have in our possession; the other was entered as evidence in her sanity hearing. The former warden of the prison and the present warden of the prison did not testify that she had become insane after commitment to prison. They testified that there had been no change in her mentality since commitment to prison.

There is one feature, however, which most people have overlooked entirely regarding her case. Anyone who has had any contact with Mrs. Dugan knows that she was one of the vilest human beings that ever lived. If she had not been exterminated, she might possibly have ruined scores of young men in the Arizona state prison. She could curse most lustily, and use more vile language than I have ever heard any human being use. The fact that her head was snapped off when she was hanged is evidence, to a certain extent, of her physical condition, particularly that of her spinal column.

For your information, I might add that Arizona did abolish capital punishment at one time, but the large number of cruel murders which followed its abolishment led to its reënactment by direct vote of the people.

Certainly these well intentioned people who ask for mercy for murderers should at least take the trouble to read a transcript of the testimony in the trial before they imply that an injustice has been done.

Tucson, Ariz. WILLIAM R. MATHEWS.

Philadelphia vs. New York

SIR: Seldom have I read a review which so completely reveals the measure of the man as does Mr. Paul Rosenfeld's review [The New Republic, April 30, 1930] of the great spring concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

First, one questions the taste of a visiting critic who casts scorn at the "preponderantly feminine assemblage which betrayed complete incomprehension of the symbols of experience presented to it," and who deprecates the "polite, half-hearted applause of the decorous assemblage," by now miraculously changed into "Philadelphian Elders and Founders."

On second thought one begins to feel an irritated pity for the poor, supercilious New Yorker. He doesn't seem to have lived long enough to realize that women may not only read "The Golden Bough," but may be quite primitive in both experience and emotion. And hasn't Mr. Rosenfeld heard that Dr. Stokowski does not like applause? That many of us agree and purposely refrain from applause in deference to his wishes? And hasn't Mr. Rosenfeld heard of a state of emotional wonder and ecstasy for which applause affords too trivial an expression? And does Mr. Rosenfeld know of the many people who, having been thrilled by the first concert, tried in vain to get tickets for the second and third? After all, Philadelphia Orchestra audiences have learned much under Dr. Stokowski's tutelage.

As for Mr. Rosenfeld—Well, poor Mr. Rosenfeld!

CYNTHIA STONE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: At the Philadelphia Orchestra's spring festival in Philadelphia, I had the pleasure of sitting beside a lady of very considerable experience in Quaker City musical affairs. Her interpretation of the audience's reaction to the performance was identical with mine; and in writing, I dare say I based my remarks on her judgment as well as on my own. Hence my surprise at Mrs. Stone's claim that there was far greater comprehension of the symbols of experience presented than the attitude of the audience permitted me to discern. None the less, and in spite of a wish to believe so spirited a defender of her community, I find myself clinging to my original impression, even at the risk of appearing prejudiced.

My justification I take from the fact that Mrs. Stone and I obviously are thinking of two very different things when we speak of the act of comprehension of symbols of experience, particularly symbols of erotic experience. She apparently considers it something flowing from familiarity with books such as "The Golden Bough," and from a capacity for "primitivism in both experience and emotion," and shows a tendency to identify it with mere enlightenment, or sophistication, or freedom from Victorianism. I, on the other hand, think of it as an essentially religous act, an enlargement of consciousness born of something deeper than primitivism or familiarity with Frazer, and by no means their inevitable consequence.

Meanwhile, I am afraid I cannot accept blame for having offended with the phrase "the Philadelphian Elders and Founders." It referred to a masculine element in the audience, and the accompanying reference to the effigies of Rameses II was perfectly competent to disabuse anyone who was under the illusion that it was intended to hold a "feminine assemblage" up to "scorn."

New York City. PAUL ROSENFELD.

The First American Feminist

SIR: I am writing a biography of Frances Wright, who came to America in 1820 and died in Cincinnati in 1854. She was an ardent agnostic and the first public advocate of woman's rights, public education for all and trade union organization. "Fannie Wright" societies were started all over the country as a result of her public lectures and writing. Any persons possessing manuscripts, letters or other information concerning Frances Wright will confer a favor by communicating with me at 24 Middagh Street, Brooklyn, New York City, N. Y.

THERESA WOLFSON.

Brooklyn, New York City, N. Y.

On the Habits of Rabbits

SIR: In The New Republic of April 30, I came upon these lines in a poem by Raymond Holden:

> The hawk's breast giving down
> To line the rabbit's nest?

During a lifetime spent on farms in Illinois, Kansas and Oklahoma, I have seen and plowed up hundreds, if not thousands, of cottontail rabbits' nests. Never yet have I seen feathers or down in one, but always rabbit fur—or hair, as we boys called it. I am writing to inquire where I can find these rabbits that build their nests with hawks' feathers or down.

I note also in recent paintings and magazine illustrations that artists are placing the milker on the left side of the cow. Where have they seen these things?

Huntington Park, Calif. T. N. ATHEY.

Self-Imitation Is the Sincerest Flattery

SIR: I am attaching herewith a couple of quotations from Thornton Niven Wilder, one from "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" and one from "The Woman of Andros." I realize that a man has a perfect right to borrow from his own works—and undoubtedly Wilder was perfectly aware of what he was doing when he created two such identical characters as Captain Alvarado and Philocles—but still such similarity of language seemed a trifle unusual. . . . Perhaps a bereft sea captain is henceforth to be a sort of trade-mark for all Wilder novels. The following picture of Philocles is given on page 84 of "The Woman of Andros":

> He was blackened and cured by all weathers. He stood in the squares of the various ports of call, his feet apart as though they were forever planted on a shifting deck. He seemed to be too large for daily life; his very eyes were strange—unaccustomed to the shorter range; too used to seizing the appearances of a constellation between a cloud and a cloud, and the outlines of a headland in a rain.

Captain Alvarado is described on page 128 of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey":

> He was blackened and cured by all weathers. He stood in the Square with feet apart as though they were planted on a shifting deck. His eyes were strange, unaccustomed to the shorter range, too used to seizing the appearances of a constellation between a cloud and a cloud, and the outline of a cape in rain.

Los Angeles, Calif. WILLARD S. WOOD.

Thinking about the Unthinkable War

SIR: After reading "The Unthinkable War," by Bruce Bliven in The New Republic of May 14, may I ask you or your readers to enlighten me, an Englishwoman, on one point? Why is the possession by the United States of greater export trade and commerce than that of any other nation persistently described as "world supremacy," which must be "recognized," peacefully, or through war? Surely, there is some ambiguity or mental confusion in the use of the term "supremacy." If America with her size and population has the world's largest trade, what of it? Surely, it exists whether recognized or not, and must be recognized by anyone who picks up a Blue Book. But why should that lead to war? I fancy that it is assumed that supremacy in commerce necessarily involves control of more important and vital things, and so would be resented by the victims. Is this true? Did the commercial superiority of England over France, say or Russia or Italy before the War render any of these countries any less independent in their social, cultural or political development? To resent the relative supremacy of one nation over another in volume of commerce seems little less absurdly puerile than to exult or despair at its "supremacy" in sport, learning or art. Let these patriots first prove that the commercial supremacy of America is a menace to something vital in the lives of other communities which do not concern themselves solely with business.

New York City. ALICE CAMERON.

Toward Civilization?

Toward Civilization, edited by Charles A. Beard. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 307 pages. $5.

"TOWARD CIVILIZATION" is a sequel to the earlier volume edited by Dr. Beard, "Whither Mankind?" The problem posed in "Whither Mankind?" was to discover how various aspects of thought and social life had been affected by the scientific and mechanical revolution through which we have lived for two hundred years. Stirred by this inquiry, a group of New York engineers, Dr. Beard tells us, felt that if any group was intimately concerned to report upon the new values in western civilization, it was the engineers themselves. These engineers formed a committee and selected the contributors to the present volume; and whatever the accidents of choice, one must accept the symposium as a fairly representative one.

Dr. Beard is careful to explain that "Toward Civilization" is the work of "insiders," the men who are actually directing our civilization; and it is unfortunate that the only statement of the relation of modern technology to civilization which at all comes to grips with the real problems involved is that in his own introduction. The machine has been indicted, Dr. Beard points out, because it quantifies life and mechanizes it. The higher creations of the spirit are transformed or stifled, and the objective environment that has been produced is, by and large, a hideous one. Along with the triumphs of the machine has gone an unparalleled waste of natural resources, some of which, like coal and oil, are irreplaceable, and on top of this threaten no less decisive catastrophes, such as wars of extermination. Dr. Beard frames the whole indictment with great acumen and fairness: but from the reactions of his contributors one would not think that they had been dealing all their lives with tough empirical problems which depended upon exact thought and rigorous logic: one would think they had been living on pap; and the essays of Millikan and Pupin are unfortunately not exceptions.

What we have in "Toward Civilization," instead of a critical facing of facts, is the usual large and noble pæan to the benefits of power and mass production and rapid transportation and instantaneous communication, varied by a catalogue of the number of governmental departments affected by engineering, and interspersed with innumerable references to the wisdom, integrity, fairness and general aptitude of the engineer, a class of illumined minds who, according to the authors—and who would know better?—combine the chivalry of a Bayard with the intellectual resourcefulness of a Faraday. This is all very well; but it is beside the point. One wants, first of all, to know if the engineer realizes what his origins are. Is there any notion, among these distinguished contributors, that their art has as its social foundation the destructive occupations of mining and warfare? None whatever. Nor do the contributors realize that the development of the machine and modern science was affected at every turn by the pecuniary interests and preoccupations of the business man—see Robert Hooke's acknowledgment of the part that London merchants played in the experimental investigations of the Royal Society in the seventeenth century—and that this mixture of mining, warfare and finance has been the specific medium in which engineering has germinated and spread. The outcome is our present devitalized civilization, which at this very moment is cooking up new wars for the exploitation of doubtful markets, as an outlet for the otherwise unconsumable goods produced through modern technology. Without this specific medium, engineering would be an important but subordinate art: while the medium exists, scarcely any other art than engineering is capable of flourishing.

Again: one would like to know if the engineer realizes what his present situation is? When he talks about the great forces he controls and the marvelous instruments he has learned to manipulate, does he have any notion of his own servile status in this society? Does he realize the significance of the fact that it was only during the Great War that the industrial plants of the western world achieved anything like their potential maximum of efficiency? Failing an honest shame over his inability to direct modern technology to the relief of human life and the economization of energy, is he ready to confess his helplessness? If he is as powerful as he asserts, he must take his share of the responsibility for the raucous defects of current industrial society: but if he is just a hired mercenary, he should not boast too loudly of his mastership.

Finally, one would like to know a little more definitely about the engineer's attitude towards the future. Does he see a qualitative change in store, or does he merely look forward to a quickening of pace and a multiplication of existing goods? If the first, does he fancy that science and technology alone contain all the elements necessary to work the transformation: while if, like most of the contributors, he looks for no more than the second, has he really the faintest notion as to what civilization is? It is not enough to remind us here, as Dr. Beard does in his introduction, that whether we like it or not, "the process of mechanization is increasing in speed and widening its geographical area," nor is it sufficient to say, with Mr. Harvey N. Davis, that the "spirit of science is already beginning . . . to demand and to provide a new philosophy of courage and optimism." The question is whether the optimism, in the face of present conditions, can be justified to a mature mind, and as for increasing mechanization, the point after all is *whether we like it or not.*

There is an element of ingenuous fatalism in the engineer's attitude towards the machine. One would think from his statements that scientific thought and invention and exact technology were inscrutable acts of God, or apparently self-begotten entities like the universe. Who would guess that these arts and attitudes of mind arose out of particular human interests, repressions, aims; who would believe that they depended for their success upon a specific milieu? None of Dr. Beard's contributors realizes, apparently, that the evils which have arisen with modern industrialism were due as much to the kind of thinking that prevailed as to the great social and material displacements that were made; or rather, that these displacements were unnecessarily swift, brutal and wasteful because of the fact that the human factors had been omitted from the problem, the social heritage had been curtailed, and the interrelations of practical tasks with all the other functions and opportunities of life were ignored. It is a weak evasion to say that the engineer did not will the present disorders and dangers; for his habit of mind is dominant in our society.

One quarrels with these representative engineers because their combination of arrogance and fatalism prevents just such an accurate appraisal of the forces of modern industry as is necessary to direct it toward civilization. They take comfort for our present failure by their charming ignorance of the past; and they bid us look hopefully toward a future which they give us no genuine grounds for welcoming; since, unless a quite different order of intelligence comes into existence from that which they complacently exhibit,

the future will too closely resemble what lies behind. The most significant thought about the place of science and the industrial arts in our culture has not come from engineers: it has come from "outsiders" like the late Thorstein Veblen, like Patrick Geddes, Peter Kropotkin, Karl Buecher, Stuart Chase. If engineers had any adequate knowledge of the works of these writers, half the weak platitudes in the present symposium might have been avoided.

Where then does one stand in relation to the Machine Age? The answer can be framed briefly. We would not destroy the rigorous method of science or the resourceful technology of the engineer: we would merely limit their application to intelligible and humane purposes. Nor would we remove altogether the mechanical world-picture, with its austere symbolisms: we had rather expand it and supplement it with a vision of life which drew upon other needs of the personality than the crude will-to-power. Speaking of the factory and the railway, Emerson said: "The chief value of the new fact is, to enhance the great and constant fact of Life, which can dwarf any and every circumstance, and to which the belt of wampum and the commerce of America are alike. In a centered mind, it signifies nothing how many mechanical inventions you exhibit." There is an obvious lack of centered minds in our civilization today; and there is nothing in the tradition of the engineer that will bring them into existence. But until such minds come into being our civilization may be easily ruined by its colossal powers, and victimized by the machine's benefits.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Side Lights on Medieval Culture

Studies in Medieval Culture, by Charles Homer Haskins. Oxford: Clarenden Press. 303 pages. $5.

New Light on the Youth of Dante, by Gertrude Leigh. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Company. 286 pages. $5.

ON THE face of it, it would seem almost inevitable that the latest volume by Professor Haskins of Harvard and Miss Leigh's study of Dante's youth should complement each other. Dante's "Divine Comedy" is so truly the most comprehensive *summum* of civilization in the Middle Ages that it was entirely fitting when last year an American translator published Karl Vossler's "Die Göttliche Kömmodie" he should have given it in English the title "Medieval Culture." It is under precisely this title that Professor Haskins has brought together various studies in that field. The student will therefore be disappointed to find that virtually nowhere do these two recent volumes interlock, and it will perhaps serve to differentiate them if we begin by pointing out that they are written from opposite poles.

Professor Haskins, as might be expected, goes fact-finding with a dogged tenacity. He brings us concrete information culled from manuscripts of the time and from neglected compilations of documents. Many things in his book will please, nothing will startle, the medievalist. Quite the contrary is true of Miss Leigh's volume. Much in it will startle, relatively little will please. In her work there is scant verification and much hypothesis. Her aim is to force some facts plus many gratuitous assumptions into a new frame of interpretation. To do so she expends much ingenuity to arrive at conclusions which at times are little short of fantastic. What we thought we knew about Dante is here often warped and strained out of all recognition. Strongly stated, her theory is that Dante was a tender-minded eighteenth-century deist who "rejected the theology implied on the surface of the poems," and proceeding from this thesis, she declares that much autobiographical material is thus disclosed in the first thirteen cantos of the "Inferno." In the canto of the suicides, for instance, the spirit who announces that he held both the keys to the heart of Frederick II and who has been quite universally recognized as Pier della Vigna, becomes for Miss Leigh, Guido da Montefeltro. After making this amazing assumption, she proceeds to the even more amazing conclusion that when Dante expresses the desire to make amends to this wounded spirit, he plainly implies, what had never before been suspected—that at the battle of Campaldino in 1289, he, Dante, slew with his own hand Guido's son, Buonconte de Montefeltro!

It is a relief to turn from this welter of assumptions to the painstaking submissive worship of fact which is characteristic of Charles H. Haskins, one of our greatest medievalists. He avoids, perhaps with excessive caution, those *vues d'ensemble* which Taine held to be the mark of the great historian, but he does shed considerable light into some of the many dark corners of medieval life. In H. C. Lea's still standard work on the Inquisition, for instance, relatively little is said about conditions in northern France. Professor Haskins picks up the trail of an early fanatical preaching friar, Robert Le Bougre, and follows him from 1232 to 1245 upon his missions in this district. His researches throw light not only upon the church administration and its relations to the secular powers but also upon types of heresy and the routes of their transmission. The Manichean was more prevalent here than the Waldensian form and it was perhaps to the theory that it takes a thief to catch a thief that Robert owed his appointment. In his earlier years, he had himself been tainted by this heresy in its hotbed in Milan, where he had been boon with a woman of this sect.

A highly significant chapter is the able discussion on "The Spread of Ideas in the Middle Ages." It shows Professor Haskins' range and grasp at their best. He here gives us a picture of ignorant regionalism tempered by relatively enlightened monasteries whose culture passed overhead as if by wireless from institution to institution without modifying the intervening rural communities. The most interesting sections for all lovers of the picturesque are provided by the treatment of student life as shown in letters, sermons and manuals. Though the Latin letters of students of the time are for the most part form letters, and lack the personal touch, Mr. Haskins' study of them gives us a fairly accurate and, alas, rather disconcerting picture. Even in those hard times, learning was not always pursued earnestly and for its own sake, and as far back as the thirteenth century we hear complaints that the liberal studies are being forsaken for more lucrative branches like canon law and medicine. For parents then as now, it was costly to have a student son; virtually every letter closes with a request for funds. Books are expensive, the young man is very hard at work but must have a little recreation and must give a feast to his friends after his examinations or at his "inception." The frequency of such appeals makes one fear that the German *Doktorschmaus* and the excesses of American commencements are deeply rooted in history, if not in human nature, and though the conditions of life were different, the undergraduate's trials and the objurgations he received from preachers and from home were, alas, distressingly like those of his twentieth-century successors. One poor devil writes that if his parents could only see his tattered clothing and

torn shirt, they would know that he did not spend his substance on royal raiment and costly furs in pursuit of lady loves. Occasionally a father has heard bad reports of a student. "I have recently discovered," one writes, "that you live dissolutely and slothfully, preferring license to restraint and play to work, and strumming a guitar while others are at their studies." Another illiberal parent sends no increase of allowance "because of the drop in prices due to overproduction." It would seem that *plus ça change, plus ça reste la même chose.*

Though some of these chapters have appeared in earlier form elsewhere, a number are new, and altogether they constitute an interesting volume on the Middle Ages. If some of them bear marks of having been undertaken by their author as incidental to larger problems, perhaps for that reason they seem to throw more illuminating side lights on the life and customs of their time. That they are the work of Charles H. Haskins is sufficient guarantee of their competence and scholarship.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

The Soviets

Soviet Russia: A Living Record and a History, by William Henry Chamberlin. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 453 pages. $5.

Russia Today and Yesterday, by E. J. Dillon. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 325 pages. $3.50.

AMONG the flood of books dealing with Russia, a new impressionistic account which is well written and illuminating is always welcome. There is real occasion for rejoicing, however, when one comes upon a volume which is something more substantial than journalism. Dr. Dillon's study belongs definitely in the former class, while Mr. Chamberlin's book not only ranks among the best of the all-too-few serious, scientific analyses of life under the first proletarian dictatorship, but may even lay claim to being the most comprehensive, penetrating and informative account of Soviet Russia which has yet appeared in English. For the uninitiated foreign observer, desiring a dispassionate record and an intelligible interpretation of the fascinating drama unrolling itself on the vast Eurasian steppes, no other single volume is likely to prove so instructive as this "Atlantic Monthly Press Publication" by the Moscow correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor.

A decade ago one was obliged to ask regarding all books on Russia whether the author was pro- or anti-Bolshevik, Red or White, in his sympathies and outlook. At present the question seems somehow less relevant. Despite the continued vagaries of the anti-Soviet press abroad, the existence and achievements of the Communist regime are generally accepted as stubborn and unchallengeable facts by everybody except perhaps the Tsarist *émigrés* and the American State Department. Both Mr. Chamberlin and Dr. Dillon are realists. Both of them recognize that speculative rationalizations and professions of "impartiality" are no longer useful or adequate. Both seek to fill the need for accurate, factual information, presented understandingly against a background of familiarity with Russian conditions and based upon some human insight into Russian problems. Only thus can some inkling of the future be obtained. And, within the U. S. S. R. as well as without, there is general realization that the Russian future is fraught with immense implications for the entire world.

Dr. Dillon's book is the result of a brief visit to Russia in 1928. He came, not as a stranger to a strange land, but as a former resident of many years standing in the Empire of the Tsars, as a professor of Philology, essayist, journalist and friend of numerous prominent people. He found his old Russia quite gone.

> The Russia I went to see no longer exists. In fact, it never existed. It was a gross deception like the make-believe cities improvised by the Empress Catherine's minister Potemkin, in order to impose upon his imperial mistress. . . . Everywhere people are thinking, working, combining, making scientific discoveries and industrial inventions. . . . Nothing like it, nothing approaching it in variety, intensity, tenacity of purpose has ever yet been witnessed.

Dr. Dillon gazes anew at his strangely changed adopted land and tends to lose himself in reminiscences and anecdotes and wandering reflections, characterized more by charm of expression than by critical acumen. He touches lightly upon books and peasants, museums and women, jails and dramatists, and emerges profoundly impressed by the mighty awakening of the "dark people," the tremendous release of human energy which the Revolution has promoted. "All Russia is thrilled with heart-expanding fervor, and passion is at white heat. Nowhere is life so intense, so volcanic, so all-absorbing."

If Mr. Chamberlin has less to say regarding the spiritual contrasts between the old and new Russia, he has much more to say regarding living problems. For the past seven years he has been rightly regarded as one of the ablest foreign correspondents in Moscow. Extensive travels and studies throughout the Soviet Union, the collaboration of his Russian wife and his own familiarity with the language and customs of the people have given him the opportunity to amass a fund of information which few other foreign observers can hope to match. With remarkable astuteness and well balanced judgment he has organized this information into a work which is at once a critical, well documented historical record and a carefully formulated and convincing analysis of the present situation.

In such an extensive and heavily timbered land as Russia, the observer is peculiarly liable to lose sight of the forest because of the trees. To say that this or that aspect of the great experiment is most significant or most typical is to overlook other aspects which may upset all calculations. To see the six sides of the cube at once is not easy. Looked at from a broad historical perspective, however, the most challenging feature of the Russian situation would seem to be the fact that for the first time a great people has embarked upon a consciously organized effort to plan its entire economic life. The Communist dictatorship is the agency through which a formulated program is being put into operation, aimed immediately at the rapid industrialization of Russia and ultimately at the creation of a social order in which economic anarchy and exploitation will be replaced by intelligently directed planning and coöperation. The whole machinery of the proletarian state is aimed at this objective. Whatever may be thought of the desirability or feasibility of the goal, the experiment is the most daring and revolutionary effort at social control ever undertaken. Even those who comprehend it but slightly sense its incalculable consequences for the future and watch its development with bated breath.

Mr. Chamberlin takes special pains to arrive at a just estimate of the results to date and the prospects for the future. Whatever occurs, there can be no question, he thinks, of any subversion of the Soviet regime from without or within. "I do not foresee the slightest likelihood

of any drastic modification of the existing economic order, or anything in the nature of a return to private capitalism. The workers of Russia, with more than a decade of Soviet rule behind them, would never, I think, submit again to the discipline of a private employer." The only question is the outcome of the experiment in "planned economic life." The amazing achievement of the Soviet State, in raising the quantity of industrial production from about 15 percent of the pre-war output in 1921 to 25 percent *above* the 1913 figures by 1927-1928, promises well for the success of the Five-Year Plan. Serious difficulties remain—of economic incentives, of rationalization, of labor productivity and of the technique of national economic planning.

"The individualist peasant producer is today the main stumbling block in the path of the Gosplan forecasters." Mr. Chamberlin properly treats the agrarian problem as the most critical one before present-day Russia. It was the chief issue between Stalin and the Trotsky-ites. With the new leftward swing of the party at the Fifteenth Congress and the inauguration of vigorous measures for the elimination of the *kulak* and the collectivization of agriculture in 1928 and 1929, it remains the chief issue between Stalin and the Right Deviationists. The battle has been joined. "The truce represented by Lenin's proclamation of the New Economic Policy is at an end. It is now a fight for a final decision of the question whether Russia shall or shall not remain half socialist and half capitalist." The solution of the present grain crisis and the whole future economic position of the Soviet Union depend upon the outcome. Should peasant individualism prove too hard a nut for the Communists to crack, a new NEP is to be anticipated and a new period of Soviet development during which the victory of socialism will remain partial and incomplete. But should the socialization of agriculture be rapidly achieved, the last stronghold of private capitalism in Russia will fall and Communism will sweep forward triumphantly toward the new order. The task is arduous but the Communists have always been adepts at the accomplishment of the impossible. The future depends upon the answer of the Peasant-Sphinx to the riddle of Karl Marx. FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN.

Wycherly

Brawny Wycherly, by Willard Connely. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 352 pages. $3.

MR. CONNELY in his "Brawny Wycherly" conforms to only one of the canons of modern biography, the one that commands the light touch. His prose is crisp and incisive, and if at times his wit is stiffly self-conscious, this is in the tradition of the man he writes about. In other respects the book is admirably in the older fashion. Its grace is not the result of an absence of solidity, for Mr. Connely exhibits a thorough scholarship. Not only does he print two new Wycherly letters, but he makes clear by detail several things in Wycherly's life which have been known, but in various degrees of vagueness—his ancestry and his relations with his redoubtable father Daniel, who confined another son, the Reverend George, to the Fleet for debt and let him die there; his French education among the *précieuses;* his incarceration in Newgate and in the Fleet; his marriage; his bitter friendship with Pope; and his second marriage, so like an incident out of Farquhar. Mr.Connely sketches an excellent background of the reigns of Charles, James, William and Anne, keeping Wycherly always in due proportion and never succumbing to the biographer's vice of making his hero seem the center of his age. Never does he attempt to penetrate with conjectured "psychology" the reserve which Wycherly, like so many of the men of his time, maintains for us—a reserve which, no matter how many facts we manage to learn about their lives, keeps them as aloof, as unknowable and as unreal as the characters in their own plays or their portraits by Lely or Kneller. LIONEL TRILLING.

Manuel de Falla

Manuel de Falla and Spanish Music, by J. B. Trend. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 184 pages. $2.50.

HERE AT last is the truth about the "Spanish idiom" in music. Mr. Trend shows that the popular impression of it has been mainly derived from eighteenth-century street sources. The "Spanish music" in "Carmen" falls into this category; even the famous "Habanera" is imitated from a song written by the Spanish-American composer Yradier (who died in 1865). Although Mr. Trend is far from thinking these sources unworthy, he is anxious that they should be seen in their proper relation to other things more truly and distinctively Spanish.

Mr. Trend has isolated the genuine primitive sources, from Galicia, the Basque provinces and Catalonia, as well as from the more familiar Andalusia. Falla knows these and has incorporated them in his music. He is thus behind Yradier, just as Bartok is behind Liszt and Brahms in Hungarian, and Vaughan Williams behind, say, Sullivan in English music. All three are in intimate personal touch with the real thing, but whereas Bartok is a sophisticated primitive and Vaughan Williams a mystic, Falla is an exquisite.

In this Mr. Trend is a kindred spirit to Falla, although he lacks a certain masculine fineness and hardness which is essential to the latter. He has a showy predilection for things which are intimate, refined or amusing, so that he is apt to subordinate his excellent scholarship to a fastidious sense of taste. Thus, the chapters on "La Vida Breve," "El Amor Brujo" and other works of Falla are concerned too much with the social details of their performance, and in the case of "El Retablo," more particularly, with the "sumptuously fitted marionette theater" in the drawing-room of the Princess de Polignac (Falla's patron). Mr. Trend is further very susceptible to guitars and fandango preludes, moonlight and the memories of nights in the gardens of Spain, often in the company of Falla. It is out of place to allow the sense of an extreme personal pleasure to color too strongly a critical work of this sort.

But although Mr. Trend is a scholar and connoisseur rather than a practical musician, he manages to get his points—even the technical ones—over very well. Thus Falla's orchestration has "the transparent clearness of a trio of twangling instruments." He traces the influence of plucked (as opposed to bowed) instruments on Spanish music in general, and on Falla in particular. He shows that the latter's music is full of that "passionate seriousness" which is characteristic of all things that are really and truly Spanish. An "unsmiling gravity" is native to Falla just as it is to Cervantes. Facetiousness is far away from both of them.

Mr. Trend is very subtle and careful in following out the influence of Byzantine liturgical music, Moorish and gypsy music. And he is first-rate in his differentiation be-

tween *cante hondo* ("the grave hieratic melody of yesterday") and the "ridiculous *flamenco* style of today," as well as between the *siguiriya* (a primitive form of Andalusian music) and the more familiar *"malagueñas, granadinas, rondeñas, sevillanas,"* and so on.

These last sound quite like a sophisticated selection of Spanish cocktails, and indeed, in Mr. Trend's opinion, can be thought of as such in relation to *cante hondo* and *siguiriya,* the very old and tangy liqueurs of his own discovery and choice. JEFFREY MARK.

The Adolescent Girl

Understanding the Adolescent Girl, by Grace Loucks Elliott. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 134 pages. $1.25.

SOME OF the knottiest problems which the teacher and group leader must solve are those which appear during adolescence. Mrs. Elliot tells us that these problems arise because of changes in the structure and function of organs which intensify the conduct-patterns built up during the girl's childhood. If patterns appear which become problems, it becomes necessary for those who wish to help her to understand the origin of those patterns.

Several characteristic traits of adolescent girls are discussed with apparent understanding of the physiological and psychological factors underlying them. The first is the *crush.* To understand this manifestation it must be recognized that (a) it represents the effort to satisfy an emotional desire which often has its roots in much earlier experience; and (b) the person "loved" is likely to be sought out because she is a symbol of the one in the girl's experience who could have satisfied this desire. The second trait is *masturbation.* This is a common manifestation of the failure to adjust satisfactorily to the opposite sex. Most of the harmful effects formerly held to inhere in this practice, the author states, have been due, not to its physiological aspects, but to the acquired sense of guilt or shame or fear connected with it. The third is *idealization.* This has caused a common problem of disillusionment which comes from the discovery that another has failed her or has proved to have faults common to the rest of humanity. The fourth is *busyness.* A quickened sensitivity in all the body and a marked acceleration in reaction time to stimuli of all kinds result in restlessness and lack of concentration.

If any of these characteristics appears in exaggerated form, it should be treated, we are told, not as a problem in itself, but as a symptom of some emotional disturbance, which it is up to the teacher or group leader to discover.

There are two major adjustments which, the author says, the adolescent girl has to make. First, her adjustment to boys. Because of the physical changes which have occurred, new desires are stirred up in her, which necessitate a different adjustment to boys from the one she has had as a child. Second, choosing a vocation. Depending on her economic conditions, she will at this time either enter, or prepare for, some occupation.

The book is an exact statement and careful analysis of most of the problems of the adolescent girl and should be useful both to the girl herself and to those adults who wish to help her. But since, as the author shows, most of the problems of adolescence are merely intensifications of earlier conduct-patterns having their roots in childhood experience, they can be avoided or alleviated by intelligent handling of the pre-adolescent child.

There is, however, one major conflict of the adolescent girl which cannot be avoided by pre-adolescent handling—the fact that she is sexually mature long before she is able or willing to undertake marriage. This conflict and the problems it raises are ignored by the book and this compels one to assume that the author does not challenge society's *only* method of coping with it, i. e., enforced abstinence until marriage. And just as many of the problems of adolescence have their roots in crudely handled childhood experiences, so may tensions created by prolonged sexual abstinence during adolescence result in problems of maladjustment in later life. The solution may not necessarily be adolescent sexual activity, but there is need for a more scientific and less destructive method of coping with the problem. ELSA M. ALLEN.

Light Reading

Grim Youth, by John Held, Jr. New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.

A SHORT decade has slipped by since Scott Fitzgerald's discovery of the flapper, and as the flask-toting, collegiate generation of that day seems to have turned into a fairly responsible cross section of the citizenry, there seems to be no reason to think that its immediate successor, at which Mr. Held has been poking bitter fun for a number of years, is going to do otherwise. His discovery that adolescents are egotistical and unutterably selfish and determined to force their way, by desperate means if necessary, to man's estate before the proper time, is not as novel as it might be, nor is it so very terrifying. It would be more terrifying, I think, if they were not. Mr. Held's prose, paradoxically, does little more than illustrate his illustrations; he has added a third dimension to the already familiar figures of his caricatures in ten light and rather formless stories of uneven merit. The first, a tale of a youth who at seventeen is surfeited with women and then permits himself to be seduced by a policewoman twice his age, is the best of the lot; others, notably the monologue of a beauty contest winner, are merely anecdotes, artlessly told. But the illustrations are done in Mr. Held's most endearing manner, and they say all that the context does, and say it better.

She Knew She Was Right, by Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

AMIABILITY is not a quality of the highest importance in fiction, but it crops up with such infrequency in an age of extreme naturalism, extreme humanism, or extreme what have you, that an innocent reader, encountering it, feels really pleased and relieved, and it comes as something of a disappointment to find that Mr. Williams, in this novel, finished just before his death, was unable to accomplish more. For a while, at least, he promises more; had he been able to stick to what was apparently his original intention, which was to bring to life an American woman of great wealth and social standing who manages to find always, and always unconsciously, a noble and unworldly motive for the selfish and quite human things that she does, he would have made a better job of it. But he allows his characters to be controlled by the machinery of his plot instead of allowing the incidents to proceed naturally out of their idiosyncrasies and prejudices, and he loses himself in a mess of detail concerned with the divorce laws of the Episcopalian Church—one cannot get

terribly excited by a set of events which are brought about by the sneeze, at baptism, of a baby which, having sneezed, proceeds forthwith to die. It is all contrived as slickly as a play by Pinero; well oiled, artificial, and at times absurd; it is nevertheless written with a certain easy fluency of style and is agreeable in a well mannered kind of way.

Uncle Sam, by John Erskine. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Company. $2.50.

THE ONLY useful thing that can be said in a review of this book is that it makes reading of such incredible dullness that it is as much as your life is worth to push through to the bitter end. One might, I suppose, talk in detail of Professor Erkine's assuredly honest and no doubt laudable attempt to write what the blurb so archly calls "the private life of the American spirit"; or one might disregard entirely the rather silly allegory, which consists in the introduction of the major occidental powers as brothers and sisters of Uncle Sam (has professor Erskine never heard of Marianne?) and their utterance of characteristic opinions, and consider the book as an undistinguished account of the vicissitudes, material and spiritual, encountered by a character patterned in more ways than one after Lincoln; or one might question the propriety of working an arbitrary formula to death simply because its use on Helen of Troy led to fairly happy results. But it is hard to discover a good reason for doing any of these things. The conventional cartoon of Uncle Sam no more typifies the American spirit than you or I or the Palmolive Soap advertisements in the subway; the American spirit is much too complex, too subtle, too grand a thing to lend itself to easy generalizations.

Men in Shirt Sleeves, by Benvenuto Sheard. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

THE NUMBER of small Ronald Firbankses who have succeeded in finding a place on the book lists seems to be multiplying at a great rate, and there is good reason to wonder how, in this country, there can be enough people sufficiently interested in the conversations of epicene young men to justify the publication of all of them. Especially in the case of a book as tiresome and derivative as this: certainly the people who go to things like "Pleasure Man" would find it boring, and so, I imagine, would almost everybody else. It is not funny, it lacks the shiny surface, polish and brittleness of style which made the best of Firbank a little more, if not much more, than merely precious writing. The author has a certain flair for quaintness, but it happens to be quaintness of a particularly noxious kind—a sort of whimsicality *manqué*, furtive, afraid of itself, that is constantly scuttling off to hide behind elaborate attempts at sophistication or smartness or pretentiousness—and no amount of epigraphs in the French language stuck on as chapter headings can redeem its shallowness. The publishers, as though to atone for the misleading implications of the title, have seen fit to print the book on *café au lait* paper, between covers of palest mauve. This is the least meretricious thing about it.

HOWARD COXE.

Mountain City, by Upton Sinclair. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

"MOUNTAIN CITY," the "grown-up mining camp," is easily identified as Denver, but it might be any American provincial city, with its culture, its society, its university, its business and its politics. Claudius G. Warrener, chief of a distinguished family and owner of a majority of shares in the Fourth National Bank, has no illusions about any of these important matters, and can afford to flout the capitalists' creed. To him enters young Jed Rusher, student, fresh from cattle ranch and beet field, bespeaking funds for Mountain City University. When Mr. Warrener promises $50,000 to establish a chair of Single Tax, Jed is exalted; but the chancellor, the venerable Dr. Saybuck, shows him that he has been made the object of a grim joke. Jed, however, attaches himself to the Warrener family as a parasite which soon overshadows its host. When Mr. Warrener sends him to investigate oil lands he buys the best for himself, and becomes the Sinclair (not Upton) of the Tarbuck field. More than this, he learns the modern art of controlling money somewhat after the fashion described by Mr. John T. Flynn in recent issues of this magazine, and graduates from Mountain City to Wall Street. It is a good story, and, generally, a true one. It is the latest of the series of books in which Mr. Sinclair (Upton) has marked the progress of American capitalistic civilization, and his own. We and he have come a long way from "The Money Changers" to "Oil" and "Mountain City."

R. M. L.

Contributors

JOHN R. TUNIS has for the past five years been connected with the sports department of The New York Evening Post. He has just sailed for Europe, where he will report the principal golf and tennis championships, including the Davis Cup matches.

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HOWARD COXE, a former New York journalist and foreign correspondent, is the author of "Passage to the Sky," a novel.

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